The Changed Cross.

The Shadow of the Rock.

YAR 379

Class PR 1191

Book .R24
1765

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Randolph, Anson D. F. Co.
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Fitz

THE

CHANGED CROSS,

AND THE

SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

RELIGIOUS POEMS SELECTED FROM MANY SOURCES.

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

No. 770 BROADWAY.

1865

PR1191
.R24
1865

G.B.T
David Nichol Smith
Oct. 29, 1932

MVG 21 A 4 38

THE

CHANGED CROSS,

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

The great favor which a part of the following selections had met in the form of "Leaflets for Letters," induced the Publisher, some few years ago, to gather them in a volume that has found a wide circulation. The present is a new and enlarged edition. As the poems are mainly WAIFS, gathered from magazines and newspapers, it has not been possible, except in a few instances, to ascertain the names of the writers.

NEW-YORK, March, 1865.

The Changed Cross,

AND

Other Religious Poems.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me!" He said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold.
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took;
But, all at once, my frame beneath it shook.
The sparkling jewels fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair!
Sorrowing, I said: "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said: "No cross, no crown!"

At length, to Him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord."—ISAIAH 50 : 8.

"For I know the thoughts that I think towards you—thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."—JER. 29 : 11.

And when that happy time shall come, of endless peace and rest,
We shall look back upon our path, and say: It was the best.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;

Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted light re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before;
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;

Where a King, in kingly glory
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the heavenly crown—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

THE PILGRIM.

STILL onward through this land of foes
I pass in Pilgrim guise;
I may not stop to seek repose;
Where cool the shadow lies
I may not stoop amid the grass
To pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Nor by her springing fountains pass
The sultry noontide hours;

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast
That no earth-garden knows—
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith,
And hope's bright buds of gold,
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

I keep my armor ever on,
For foes beset my way;
I watch, lest passing on alone
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I—I lean
Upon no mortal breast;
But my Belovéd, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

Afar, around, I often see,
Throughout this desert wide,
His Pilgrims pressing on like me—
They often pass my side:
The kindly smile, the gentle word,
For Jesus' sake I give;
But love—O Thou alone adored!
For Thee alone I live.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
To distant earthly eyes;
They only see the hedging thorns
On either side that rise;
They can not know how soft between
The flowers of love are strewn—
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
Where Jesus leads His own;

They cannot see, as darkening clouds
Behind the Pilgrim close,

How far adown the western glade
The golden glory flows;
They cannot hear 'mid earthly din
The song to Pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
Around the wondrous throne.

So I, Thy bounteous token-flowers
Still on my bosom wear;
While me, the fleeting love-winged hours
To Thee still nearer bear;
So from my lips Thy song shall flow,
My sweetest music be;
So on mine eyes the glory grow,
Till all is lost in Thee.

HOLY TEARS.

YES, thou may'st weep, for Jesus shed
Such tears as those thou sheddest now,
When, for the living or the dead,
Sorrow lay heavy on his brow.

He sees thee weep, yet doth not blame
The weakness of thy flesh and heart;
Thy human nature is the same
As that in which he took a part.

He knows its weakness, for he felt
The crushing power of pain and woe,
How body, soul, and spirit melt
And faint beneath the stunning blow.

What if poor sinners count thy grief
The sign of an unchastened will?
He who can give thy soul relief,
Knows that thou art submissive still.

Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;
For all that our poor lips can say
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,
Would fail to comfort thee to-day.

We will not speak to thee, but sit
In prayerful silence by thy side:
Grief has its ebbs and flows; 'tis fit
Our love should wait the ebbing tide.

Jesus Himself will comfort thee,
In His own time, in His own way;
And haply more than "two or three"
Unite in prayer for thee to-day.

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

MAN, in his weakness, needs a stronger stay
Than fellow-men, the holiest and the best:
And yet we turn to them from day to day,
As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands, that cling
To such inadequate supports as these,
And shelter us beneath Thy heavenly wing,
Till we have learned to walk alone with ease.

Help us, O Lord! with patient love to bear
Each other's faults, to suffer with true meekness
Help us each other's joys and griefs to share,
But let us turn to Thee alone in weakness.

WHOLLY RESIGNED.

CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door:
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see,
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise:
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

"*MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.*"

PSALM 31 : 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful than to serve Thee much,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;

There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these Border-Lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the Border-Land;
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear, and weep.
Shall my soul perish? Never! never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee: I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I can not see the golden gate
Unfolding yet, to welcome me;
I can not yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee;

But I will camly watch and pray
Until I hear my Saviour's voice
Calling my happy soul away,
To see his glory, and rejoice.

"*ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE.*"

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path."

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father—sweet, endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But oh! the thought does tranquillize and heal—
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make—
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned—
Each drop that fills my daily cup; Thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.
All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore;
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore;
Self to dethrone, never to govern more—
All, all are known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await—
That can I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
When I recall the SON of Thy dear love;
The cup Thou wouldst not for *our* sakes remove—
That cup He drank for *me*.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe he drained
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained,
All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome, *precious*, can His Spirit make
My little drop of suffering for His sake.
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all is known to Thee.

OH! FOR THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY

OH! for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free;
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh! for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless, and bright, and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

Oh! who hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath staid?

What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will,
Dry as the desert sand—
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thought
That come without command—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim—
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesus' blessed name—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread—
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread:

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill;

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh! show that sin to me—
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread—
To have a secret spot

That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

Oh! when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie;

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more;

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much;
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,

Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught,
And only as my God.

Oh! blessed be this darkness, then,
This deep in which I lie;
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy!

LOST TREASURES.

LET us be patient, God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around us,
Our clinging hearts should be for ever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad possessions:
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant shores;
Lands, whose rich harvests smiled in the glad sunshine;
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth;
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth.

Where underneath the softened light bent kindly
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair,
And he on whom all leant with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation!
The garden-walks by other feet are trod;
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While carking care and deep humiliation,
In tears are mingled with their daily bread;
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
Have spent their worst on each defenseless head.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'erarches—
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good; [ing
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwell
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope, and love still in our hearts abiding,
May bear their precious fruits in us the same;
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,
If but the cup of water, in His name.

Let us be thankful, if in this affliction
No grave is opened for the loving heart;
And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,
We yet can mourn "each family apart."

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,
With not one cold reproach nor angry look;
There are some seasons, when the heart is smitten,
It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions;
Our home is not in any pleasant spot:
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled;
These earthly tents be struck by angel hands;
But to be built up on a sure foundation,
There, where our Father's mansion ever stands

There shall we meet, parent and child, and dearer
That earthly love which makes half heaven of home;
There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,
Where change and death and parting never come.

SUNDAY.

"I WAS in the spirit on the Lord's day."—REV. 1: 10.

AFTER long days of storms and showers,
Of sighing winds, and dripping bowers,
How sweet, at morn, to ope our eyes
On newly "swept and garnished" skies!

To miss the clouds, and driving rain,
And see that all is bright again—
So bright we cannot choose but say,
Is this the world of yesterday?

Even so, methinks, the Sunday brings
A change o'er all familiar things;
A change—we know not whence it came—
They are, and they are not, the same.

There is a spell within, around,
On eye and ear, on sight and sound,
And, loth or willing, they and we
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress
That sanctifies their loveliness,
Types of that endless resting-day,
When "we shall all be changed" as they.

To-day our peaceful, ordered home
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come,
We foretaste, in domestic love,
The faultless charities above.

And as at yester-eventide
Our tasks and toys were laid aside;
Lo! here our training for the day
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musings deep,
Meek souls their "day of days" will keep;
Yet other glorious things than these,
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes, by faith, his Lord behold;
How on the week's first day of old
From hell he rose, on Death he trod,
Was seen of men, and went to God.

And as we fondly pause to look
Where in some daily-handled book,
Approval's well-known tokens stand,
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand

Even so there shines one day in seven,
Bright with the special mark of Heaven,
That we with love and praise may dwell
On Him who loveth us so well.

Whether in meditative walk,
Alone with God and heaven we talk,
Catching the simple chime that calls
Our feet to some old church's walls;

Or passed within the church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We say the prayers, and hear the word,
Which there our fathers said and heard;

Or represent in solemn wise,
Our all-prevailing sacrifice;
Feeding in joint communion high,
The life of faith that cannot die.

And surely, in a world like this,
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss—
Where fondest hopes are oftenest crossed,
And fondest hopes are severed most;

'Tis something that we kneel and pray
With loved ones near and far away;
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,
One form of words, one hour of prayer.

'Tis just—yet pause, till ear and heart,
In one brief silence, ere we part,
Somewhat of that high strain have caught,
"The peace of God which passeth thought."

Then turn we to our earthly homes,
Not doubting but that Jesus comes
Breathing his peace on hall and hut
At evening, when the doors are shut;

Then speeds us on our work-day way,
And hallows every common day;
Without *Him* Sunday's self were dim,
But all are bright, *if spent with Him.*

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily, when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade, while others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;

Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

MARY'S CHOICE.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That Thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

Needful is Thy most precious blood,
Needful is Thy correcting rod,
Needful is Thy indulgent care,
Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;

Needful Thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

Needful art Thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to Thee.

Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing;
Glory and praise be ever His—
The "one thing needful" Jesus is.

"NEARER HOME."

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;

Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer, death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

OH! TO BE READY.

OH! to be ready when death shall come,
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting, no sore amaze;

No chains to sever that earth hath twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind.

No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions winged for flight;
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb;
But sweetly, gently, to pass away
From the world's dim twilight into day.

To list the music of angel lyres,
To catch the rapture of seraph fires,
To lean in trust on the risen One,
Till borne away to a fadeless throne.
Oh! to be ready when death shall come!
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

"O MY Dove! in the clefts of the rock, in the secret of the stairs."—CANT. 2 : 14.

"MY Dove!" The Bridegroom speaks. To whom?
Whom, think'st thou, meaneth He?
Say, O my soul! canst thou presume
He thus addresseth thee?

Yes, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice of love,
Calling thee, O my soul! His Dove!

The Dove is gentle, mild, and meek:
Deserve I, then, the name?
I look within in vain to seek
Aught which can give a claim:
Yet, made so by redeeming love,
My soul, thou art the Bridegroom's Dove!

Methinks, my soul, that thou may'st see,
In this endearing word,
Reasons why Jesus likens thee
To this defenseless bird;
Reasons which show the Bridegroom's love
To His poor helpless, timid Dove!

The Dove, of all the feathered tribe,
Doth least of power possess:
My soul, what better can describe
Thine utter helplessness?
Yet courage take! the Bridegroom's love
Will keep, defend, protect His Dove!

The Dove hath neither claw nor sting,
Nor weapon for the fight;
She owes her safety to her wing,
Her victory to flight.

A shelter hath the Bridegroom's love
Provided for his helpless Dove!

The Hawk comes on, in eager chase—
The Dove will not resist;
In flying to her hiding-place,
Her safety doth consist.
The Bridegroom opes His arms of love,
And in them folds His panting Dove!

Nothing the Dove can now molest,
Safe from the fowler's snare;
The Bridegroom's bosom is her nest—
Nothing can harm her there.
Encircled by the arms of love,
Almighty power protects the Dove!

As the poor Dove, before the Hawk,
Quick to her refuge flies,
So need I, in my daily walk,
The wing which faith supplies,
To bear me where the Bridegroom's love
Places beyond all harm His Dove!

My soul of native power bereft,
To Calvary repairs

Immanuel is the *rocky cleft*,
"*The secret of the stairs!*"
Since placed *there* by the Bridegroom's love,
What evil can befall His Dove?

Though Sinai's thunder round her roars,
Though Ebal's lightnings flash,
Though heaven a fiery torrent pours,
And riven mountains crash—
Through all, the "still small voice" of love
Whispers: "Be not afraid, my Dove!"

What though the heavens away may pass,
With fervent heat dissolve;
And round the sun this earthly mass
No longer shall revolve!
Behold a miracle of love!
The lion quakes, but not the Dove!

My soul, now hid within a rock,
(The "Rock of Ages" called,)
Amid the universal shock
Is fearless, unappalled.
A cleft therein, prepared by love,
In safety hides the Bridegroom's Dove!

O happy Dove! thus weak, thus safe
Do I resemble her?

Then to my soul, O Lord! vouchsafe
A *dove-like* character!
Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make me in spirit, Lord, a Dove!

O Thou, who on the Bridegroom's head
Didst, as a Dove, come down,
Within my soul Thy graces shed,
Establish there Thy throne;
There shed abroad a Saviour's love,
Thou holy, pure, and heavenly Dove!

S. R. M.

GOD, MY EXCEEDING JOY.

PSALM 43 : 4.

EARLY my spirit turned
From earthly things away,
And agonized and yearned
For the eternal day;
Dimly I saw, when but a boy,
God, my exceeding joy.

In days of fiercer flame,
When passion urged me on,
'Twas only bliss in name—
The pleasure soon was gone.

Compared with Thee, how all things cloy.
God, my exceeding joy!

At length the moment came—
Jesus made known His love;
High shot the kindling flame
To glories all above.
Now all my powers one theme employ
God, my exceeding joy.

Shadows came on apace;
Tears were a pensive shower;
I cried for timely grace
To save me from the hour;
Thou gavest peace without alloy,
God, my exceeding joy.

One trial yet awaits,
Gigantic at the close;
All that my spirit hates
May then my peace oppose;
But God shall this last foe destroy,
God, my exceeding joy.

GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to thyself—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Take not Thy Spirit from me·
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me—
My God, forsake me not.

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,

Be not Thou far from me—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well-doing,
And that Thy will, O Lord!
May never be forgot,
In all my works and ways—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be thine for ever!
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavor:
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul—
My God, forsake me not!

I AM.

"God calls himself I AM, leaving a blank which each sou may fill up with that which is most precious to himself."

THOU bidd'st us call, and giv'st us many a name,
That thou may'st hear and answer every cry·
But—for the wants of all are not the same—
Another name Thy wondrous love did try;
To Moses first Thou gav'st it, and he knew
Its worth, and taught us how to prize it, too:
I AM—let every sinner kneel, and thank
The Lord, and with his wants fill up the blank.
Thy very wounds do say, each drop they bleed,
"I AM thy need."

Oh! I am weary of this life,
Of all its vanity and care;
Where can I hide me from its strife,
From all its noises—where?
My spirit sinks beneath the load,
I pant to reach a safe abode.
When shall I find a sweet release?
Remains there yet a lasting peace,
A calm for my long storm-tost breast?
"I AM thy rest."

Oh! I am full of grievous sin,
I can do naught that's right;
O God! how base my soul is in
Thy pure and holy sight!
Thy perfect laws I daily, hourly break,
And will not yield my will for Thy sweet sake.
Still in my soul do burn wicked desires,
And my heart's altar bears unhallowed fires;
I can do naught but all these things confess.
"I AM thy righteousness."

But, Lord, I am so weak, so weak,
I cannot stand before Thy face;
Thy praises I can hardly speak,
Hardly stretch forth my hands for grace;
The way seems long, the burden who can bear
Lord, must I sink beneath the load of care?
Thus is it now; what shall it be at length?
"I AM thy strength."

Lord, I must die; e'en now the wing
Of Thy dread angel hovereth nigh;
I know the message he doth bring—
"Soul, thou hast sinned, and thou must die."
All nature feels and owns the just decree;
And is this all that is in store for me—
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
No hope, no light? Surely my spirit must

Sink in despair ere nature's last, fierce strife—
"I AM thy life."

Oh! wonderful Thou art!
Too wonderful for me is such great love,
Shining in such a heart
Like sunbeams from above.
How rich am I! yea, all things I possess—
Peace, joy, life, strength, and perfect righteousness.
Jehovah shows Himself, and gives to me
All my desire. Look, trembling soul! and see
On what a treasury thy want may call—
"I AM thine all in all."

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon,

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HINDER ME NOT.

HINDER me not! the path is long and weary,
I may not pause nor tarry by the way;
Night cometh, when no man may journey onward,
For we must walk as children of the day.

I know the city lieth fair behind me,
The very brightest gem that studs the plain
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery rain.

I must press on until I reach my Zoar,
And there find refuge from the fearful blast:
In Thy cleft side, O smitten Saviour! hide me,
Till the calamity be overpast.

Ye cannot tempt me back with pomp or pleasure,
All, in my eager grasp, have turned to dust.
The shield of love around my hearth is broken;
How shall I place on man's frail life my trust?

But my heart lingers when I pass the dwellings
Where children play about the open door;
And pleasant voices waken up the echoes,
From silent lips of those I see no more.

For through their chambers swept the solemn warning,
Arise! depart! for this is not your rest;
They folded their pale hands and sought the presence—
I only bore the arrow in my breast.

But there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer
Whose sovereign power can cure our every ill;
And to the soul, more wildly tempest-tossing
Than ever Galilee, say: "Peace, be still!"

Who, showing His own name thereon engraven,
With bleeding hands will draw the dart again.

And whisper: "Should the true disciple murmur
To taste the cup his Master's lip could drain?"

And then lead on, until we reach the river
Which all must cross, and some must cross alone;
Oh! ye who in the land of peace are wearied,
How shall ye breast the Jordan's swelling moan?

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore;
But one whose form the Son of God resembleth,
Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more.

O weary heads! rest on your Saviour's bosom.
O weary feet! press on the path He trod.
O weary souls! your rest shall be remaining,
When ye have gained the city of your God.

O glorious city! jasper built, and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

There shall ye pluck fruits from that tree immortal,
And be like gods, but find no curse therein.
There shall ye slake your thirst in that full fountain
Whose distant streams sufficed to cleanse your [sin.

There shall ye find your dead in Christ arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angels' song,
Well may ye echo from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry: "How long, O Lord! how long!"

"I CLING TO THEE."

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith I cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here has she found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblessed,
While she can cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

They fear not Satan, nor the grave;
They feel Thee near, and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot—whate'er befall;
What can disturb me—who appall?
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee.

"ALONE, YET NOT ALONE."

WHEN no kind earthly friend is near,
With gentle words my heart to cheer
Still am I with my Saviour dear:
"Alone, yet not alone."

Though no loved forms my path attend,
With tender looks o'er me to bend,
Yet am I with my unseen Friend:
"Alone, yet not alone."

When sorely racked with pain and grief,
Here I can find a sure relief;

And I rejoice in the belief:
"Alone, yet not alone."

'Tis on His strength that I rely,
And doubts and fears at once defy,
So happy, so content am I,
"Alone, yet not alone."

E'en when with friends my lot is cast,
And words of love are flowing fast,
Still am I, when those hours are past,
"Alone, yet not alone."

If all my earthly friends remove,
My fondest wishes empty prove,
Still am I with my Saviour's love
"Alone, yet not alone.

Whate'er may now to me betide,
I have a place wherein to hide
By faith; 'tis e'en at His blest side:
"Alone, yet not alone."

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

SAVIOUR, beneath Thy yoke
My wayward heart doth pine;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine:

Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

"Perishing child of clay!
Thy sighing I have heard;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred!
Yet fear not, by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.'

Praise to Thee, gracious Lord!
I fain would be at rest;
Oh! now fulfil Thy faithful word
And make me blest;
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take, with joyfulness, the promised crown.

"Stay, thou short-sighted child!
There is much first to do,
Thy heart, so long by sin defiled,
I must renew;
Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be thine.

Yea, Lord, but Thou canst soon
Perfect Thy work in me,
Till, like the pure, calm summer noon
I shine by Thee;

A moment shine, that all Thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

"Ah! coward soul, confess
Thou shrinkest from my cure,
Thou tremblest at the sharp distres
Thou must endure,
The foes on every hand for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid;

"The process slow of years,
The discipline of life;
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife;
Thine idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

"Some gentle souls there are,
Who yield unto my love,
Who, ripening fast beneath my care,
I soon remove;
But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule;
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King!
Is this Thy love to me?
Oh! that I had the lightning's wing,
From earth to flee;

How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on the creature throws?

"Thou canst not, O my child!
So hear my voice again;
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief, thy pain;
My arms shall be around thee, day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness, I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on me
Thy aching head,
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from my love."

O grace beyond compare!
O love most high and pure!
Saviour, begin, no longer spare,
I can endure;
Only vouchsafe Thy grace, that I may live
Unto Thy glory who canst so forgive.

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS

I WANT that adorning divine,
Thou, only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below.
Col. 3 : 12-17.

I want, oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee:
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,
Thy comeliness put upon me.
1 John 3 : 2, 3.

I want to be marked for Thy own;
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that "new name" on the mystic white stone,
Which only Thyself canst declare.
Rev. 2 : 17.

I want, every moment, to feel
That the Spirit does dwell in my heart;
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.
Rom. 8 : 11-16

I want so in Thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise;

The branch that Thou prunest, though feeble and
dried,
May languish, but never decays.
John 15 . 2-5.

I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things,
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.
1 John 2 : 15.

I want, by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
That my heart and affections are there.
Matt. 6 : 19–21.

I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way ;
No forethought or anxious contrivance to waste
On my tent, only pitched for a day.
Heb. 13 : 5, 6.

I want (and this sums up my prayer)
To glorify Thee till I die ;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breathe out in prayer my last sigh.
Phil. 3 : 8, 9.

HEAVEN.

OH! heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands,
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given

That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be,
To the realms of endless day.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of Death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the burning tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand;

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
Safe in my happy home:
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come;
O friends of my mortal years!
The trusted and the true,
You're walking still the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh! no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again;
Each link is strong and bright,
While love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glorious sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die?

Why then should your tears roll down,
Or your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

SUPPLICATION.

LORD, hear my prayer!
Turn not Thine ear from my distress,
But with Thy loving mercy bless,
Lest I despair

Be gracious, Lord!
My soul is oft opprest and weak;
Oh! aid me when I comfort seek
In Thy blest word.

My footsteps stray;
I wander often from the road
That leads to peace and Thee my God
Teach Thou the way.

Oh! make me pure,
Clothe Thou my soul in spotless white,
That my acceptance in Thy sight,
Be always sure.

Let me be one
Of all the sinless company

That round Thy throne hosannahs sing,
Through Christ Thy Son.

Thy will be done
On earth, as by each holy one,
Thy own redeemed, who near thy throne,
Bow down the knee! R——N.

EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER of mercy! at the close of day,
My work and duties done, to Thee I pray
Before I sleep;
With claspéd hands I humbly bow my head,
And ask Thee, Lord, ere I retire to bed,
My soul to keep.

The sins and failings of the day now past,
The shadows on my soul that they have cast,
Do Thou forgive;
Oh! purge my life from every taint of sin,
That I within Thy courts may enter in,
With Thee to live.

Whatever sorrow I this day have known,
I spread it now, O Lord! before Thy throne—
Oh! succor send;
I would beneath Thy chastening hand be still,

And meekly bow before Thy sovereign will,
Unto the end.

And now, with folded hand upon my breast,
At peace with Thee, I lay me down to rest
Upon my bed;
May angels guard me through the darksome night.
From troubled dreams, until the morning light
Its beams shall shed. R—— N.

THE WANDERING HEART.

ALAS! for the wildly wandering heart,
And its changing idol guests!
It has roamed away to the world's far ends,
At the vagrant wind's behests.
More fleet in its course than the flying dart.
Alas! for the wandering heart.

Go, bind it with Memory's holiest spells,
But it recks not the things of old;
Go, chain it in Gratitude's surest cells,
With fetters more precious than gold:
Yet ever, oh! ever, it will depart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

Is it gone up to listen at heaven's gate,
To Gabriel's lyre of praise?
And to catch the deep chanting where seraphs wait
As a lesson for its mortal lays?
O no! for it loves from such lessons to part.
Alas! for the wandering heart.

It loves on a worthless and treacherous world
To bestow its high desires;
And the lamp which it ought to be lighting in heaven,
It kindles at idol fires.
Full seldom it turns to its guiding chart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

It needs to be steeped in the briny wave
Of affliction's billowy sea,
And salt tears must water its way to the grave,
Ere it will from these vanities flee.
It must ever be feeling the chastening smart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

My Father! my Father! this heart would be thine
Restore from its wanderings;
Oh! visit and nourish thy wilderness vine,
Though it be from the bitter springs:
Till the years of its pruning in time shall be o'er,
And its shoots in eternity wander no more!

"RETURN THEE TO THY REST."

RETURN, return thee to thine only rest,
Lone pilgrim of the world!
Far erring from the fold—
By the dark night and risen storms distressed:
List, weary lamb, the Shepherd's anxious voice,
And once again within His arms rejoice.

Return, return, thy fair white fleece is soiled
And by sharp briers rent—
Thy little strength is spent;
Yet He will pity thee, thou torn and spoiled.
There, thou art cradled on His tender breast;
Now never more, sweet lamb, forsake that rest.

Return, return, my soul; be like this lamb;
Yet can it, can it be
That thou should'st pardon me,
Thou injured love! all ingrate as I am;
Once again, weary of earth's trifling things,
False as the desert's far and shining springs?

Return, return to thy forsaken Friend,
So long despised, forgot—
That now, thou wandering heart, 'twere just
If He should "know thee not;"

Yet on, press on, towards the mercy-seat,
And if thou perish, perish at His feet.

Return, return, for He is near thee dwelling,
And not into the air
Need rise the sighs of prayer;
Into His ear thou'rt all thy sorrows telling;
Thou need'st not speak to Him through spaces wide,
For He is near thee, even at thy side.

"Him have I pierced"—oh! I come, I come;
My heart is broken, Lord,
It needs nor voice nor word;
One only look brought Peter back of yore;
How bitterly I weep as then he wept!
Henceforth, oh! keep me, and I shall be kept.

NEAR JESUS.

I WANT to live near Jesus,
And never go astray,
To feel that I am growing
More like Him every day;
That I am always laying
My treasure up above,
And gaining more the spirit
Of His gentleness and love.

I want such steadfast purpose
My mission to fulfil,
That it may be my meat and drink,
To do my Father's will,
To follow in His footsteps,
Who never turned aside
From the path that leads to heaven,
Though often sorely tried.

Oh! that in His humility
My spirit may be clad!
That I may have the patience
My suffering Saviour had,
A heart more disengagéd
From earth and earthly things,
Which through life's varied trials
To Jesus simply clings.

Oh! I shall live near Jesus,
And never go astray,
And every sin-defiling stain
Shall soon be washed away;
And I'll bear my Master's image
When I see Him face to face,
Then earth shall lose the power
Its brightness to deface.

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pains and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear
As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbor leave?

Must I reprove his sin,
Must I partake his grief,
And kindly enter in
And minister relief—
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?

Then, Jesus, at Thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of Thee;
For Thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all Thy life was love to man.

Oh! make me as Thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow—
The kind and gentle heart,
That feels another's woe;
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

PILGRIM OF EARTH.

PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
Heir of Eternal Life! child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved and forgiven—
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

Cared for, watched over, though often Thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved and forgiven, though rightly Thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

Weary and thirsty—no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee—
He will provide thee strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briers that obstruct thee,
Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night

Lean on the hand that will safely conduct thee,
Trust to His eye to whom darkness is light.

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing,
Not for the yoke that His wisdom bestows:
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing,
A heart that is slow in His love to repose.

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior—
Ah! thou mayest sorrow, but do not despair
Even this grief thou mayest bring to thy Saviour
Cast upon Him e'en this burden and care!

Bring all thy hardness—His power can subdue it;
How full is the promise! The blessing how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask, in my name, I will do it.
Abide in my love, and be joyful in me."

"WHAT IS THIS THAT HE SAITH: A LITTLE WHILE?"

JOHN 16 : 18.

OH! for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making Life's desert-places bloom and smile.
Oh! for a faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
Amid the shadows of Earth's "little while."

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary step through erring ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

"A little while" 'mid shadow and illusion
To strive by faith Love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,
Then hail Light's verdict—"He doth all things well."

"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while" to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while" Faith's flickering lamp to trim
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footstep hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is at once both Gift and Giver,
The future Glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

IN HEAVEN.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

SILENCE filled the courts of heaven,
Hushed were seraphs' harp and tone,
When a little new-born seraph
Knelt before the Eternal Throne;
While its soft white hands were lifted,
Clasped, as if in earnest prayer,
And its voice, in dove-like murmurs,
Rose like music on the ear.
Light from the full fount of Glory
On his robes of whiteness glistened,
And the bright-winged seraphs near Him
Bowed their radiant heads and listened.

"Lord, from Thy Throne of Glory here,
My heart turns fondly to another;
O Lord! our God, the Comforter,
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*
Many sorrows hast Thou sent her,
Meekly has she drained the cup;
And the jewels Thou hast lent her
Unrepining yielded up.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

"Earth is growing lonely round her;
Friend and lover hast Thou taken;
Let her not, though woes surround her
Feel herself by Thee forsaken.
Let her think, when faint and weary,
We are waiting for her *here:*
Let each loss that makes earth dreary
Make the hope of heaven more dear.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

"Thou, who once in nature human,
Dwelt on earth a little child,
Pillowed on the breast of Woman,
Blessed Mary! undefiled.
Thou who, from the cross of suffering,
Marked Thy Mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to Thy loved one,
Bidding him to fill Thy place:
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

"Thou who once, from heaven descending,
Tears and woes and conflicts won:
Thou who, nature's laws suspending,
Gav'st the widow back her son:
Thou who, at the grave of Lazarus
Wept with those who wept their dead:
Thou! who once in mortal anguish
Bowed Thine own anointed head,
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*"

The dove-like murmurs died away
Upon the radiant air,
But still the little suppliant knelt
With hands still clasped in prayer;
Still were those mildly-pleading eyes
Turned to the sapphire throne,
Till golden harp and angel voice
Rang forth in mingled tone;
And as the swelling numbers flowed,
By angel voices given,
Rich, sweet, and clear, the anthem rolled
Through all the courts of heaven.
"He is the widow's God," it said,
Who spared not "His own Son,"
The infant cherub bowed his head—
"Thy will, *O Lord! be done.*"

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

MATT. 14: 27.

TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"'Tis I, who led thy steps aright;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light.
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me.
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well—oh! do not shrink;
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink.
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed.
'Tis I: be not afraid.

"When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet.
'Tis I; be not afraid."

"From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Whispering: "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee.
'Tis I; be not afraid."

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 Cor. 4 : 17, 18.

WE wept—'twas *Nature* wept, but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewell and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;

Nature mourns a *cruel* blow—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards —*Faith* above;
That sees harshness—*this* sees love.
Oh! let *Faith* victorious be—
Let it reign triumphantly!

But thou art gone! not lost, but flown!
Shall I then ask thee back, my own,
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin?—Nay; rather

Would I live in solitude!
I *would* not ask thee if I *could;*
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee!

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet—
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after-years,
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.

He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away!
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray.

"Is it Thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven."
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child.
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:
For once again that Shepherd laid His hand
Upon the noblest of our household band.
Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry;

"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell, but oh!
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame:
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide; my mourner when this life is done:
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard Him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O heart! be still!

Came morning. Can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?

For waking tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think. and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

Ay! it is well:
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me·
Heaven is not far away.

THE CALL.

THE night was dark; behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper:
"Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with me?"

O thou! so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience, through the dark hour only—
This one dark hour—before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his pluméd crest,
And Peace may fold her wings o'er hill and valley;
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more.
Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God:

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee because so near to Him?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,
"Behold, we count them happy which endure"?
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor, fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us,
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh! that my faithless soul, one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife!

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Father yielded back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature—
Looking to God alone for his release.

And He will come in His own time and power
To set His earnest-hearted children free:
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee

GOD'S ANVIL.

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
On the bare anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With His great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it.
The sparks fly off at every blow.
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me.

So I say trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master-hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here,
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat;

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

EVEN ME.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing—
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;

Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
When Thou callest, call for me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me,
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Love of God! so pure and changeless;
Love of Christ! so rich and free;
Grace of God! so strong and boundless
Magnify it all in me,
Even me.

Pass me not, almighty Spirit!
Draw this lifeless heart to Thee;
Impute to me the Saviour's merits;
Blessing others, oh! bless me,
Even me.

O MY SAVIOUR, CRUCIFIED.

O MY Saviour, crucified!
Near Thy cross may I abide;
There to gaze, with steadfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.

Jesus, bruised and put to shame,
Tells me all the Father's name;
God is love, I surely know,
By my Saviour's depths of woe!

In His sinless soul's distress,
I behold my guiltiness;
Oh! how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great.

Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be;
Rest and holiness shall find,
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease.

That through bright sunny hours,
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day.
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure;
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know;
Untouched by others' joys,
Or others' woe.
Thou, O dear Lord! wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might;
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep;

Who sow, with living care,
  What other hands shall reap;
They lean on Thee, entranced
  In calm and perfect rest;
Give us that peace, O Lord!
    Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts that love Thee
[best.

PEACE.

LIFE'S mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
  Hath surged and wailed for ages to and
    fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
  As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God! in Thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
  Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
  Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain
Oh! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ! in Thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life
  Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining:

We ask, and thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
Thou "Lamb that hath been slain!" we rest in Thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes o'er life's wave-worn strands;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord! in Thee.

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels,
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith: "Watch with me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

FATHER! before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to Thee;
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me! for heart and flesh are failing—
My spirit yielding in the strife;
And anguish, wild as unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;
Help me to bear Thy chastening rod;
Give me endurance; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;
Not mine the tears of common woe:
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak; my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay:
Yet not that Thou that task wouldst spare it,
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul Thy might infusing,
Strengthening my spirit by Thine own,

Help me—all other aid refusing—
To cling to Thee, and Thee alone.

And oh! in my exceeding weakness,
Make Thy strength perfect: Thou art strong!
Aid me to do Thy will with meekness,
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Saviour! our human form once wearing,
Help, by the memory of that day,
When, painfully Thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time Thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
Jesus, I cast myself on Thee;
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking
From trials that I know must be.

Oh! let me feel that Thou art near me,
Close to Thy side I shall not fear.
Hear me, O Strength of Israel! hear me;
Sustain and aid! in mercy, hear!

ONWARD.

TRAVELER, faint not on the road,
Droop not in the parching sun;
Onward, onward with thy load,
Till the night be won.
Swerve not, though thy bleeding feet
Fain the narrow path would leave;
From the burden and the heat,
Thou shalt rest at eve.

Midst a world that round thee fades,
Brightening stars and twilight life;
When a sacred calm pervades
All that now is strife;
Rich the joy to be revealed
In that hour from labor free,
Bright the splendors that shall yield
Happiness to thee.

Master of a holy charm,
Yet be patient on thy way;
Use the spell, and check the harm
That would lead astray.
From the petty cares that teem,
Turn thee, with prophetic eye,
To the glory of that dream
Which shall never die.

By the mystery of thy trust;
By the grandeur of that hour
When mortality and dust
Clothed eternal power;
By the purple robe of shame,
The mockery, and the insulting rod;
By the anguish that o'ercame
The incarnate God:

Faint not! fail not! be thou strong,
Cast away distrust and fear;
Though the weary day seems long,
Yet the night is near.
Friends and kindred wait beyond—
They who passed the trial pure:
Traveler, by that holy bond,
Shrink not to endure.

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD

SOME there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurred by all:
Are they not more sorely tempted?
Are they not the first to fall?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in every trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure,
Present anguish hast thou felt;
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure,
As a mourner, hast thou knelt;
In thy hour of deep affliction,
Let no impious thoughts intrude:
Meekly bow, with this conviction—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

SCENES "ON JORDAN'S STRAND."

THERE came a little child, with sunny hair,
All fearless to the brink of Death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the Joy and Giver;
And, as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say: "My Saviour makes them bright."

Next came a youth, with bearing most serene,
Nor turned a single backward look of sadness;
But, as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smiling declared: "My soul is thrilled with gladness!

What earth deems bright, for ever I resign.
Joyful but this to know, that Christ is mine."

An aged mourner, trembling, tottered by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river
Then glided on beneath the shadowy sky,
Singing: "Christ Jesus is my strength for ever!
Upon His arm my feeble soul I lean.
My glance meets His, without a cloud between."

And scarce her last triumphant note had died,
Ere hastened on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside,
These only words unto his friends returning
"Christ for my Wisdom thankfully I own,
And as 'a little child' I seek His throne."

Then saw I this: that, whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius, won salvation,
Each self-renouncing came; on each God smiled;
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends, earth's pleasures, and renown;
Each entered heaven, and "by His side sat down."

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

BEYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee.
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,
And thy fair home above.

Oh! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing
The Sabbath morn come on,
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow,
Earth's dream of anguish o'er;
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience! then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying
Beyond the waveless sea,

Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead
thee,
His darkest dealings trace
And by those fountains where His love will feed
thee,
Behold Him face to face.

Then bow thine head, and God shall give thee
meekness,
Bravely to do His will;
So shall arise His glory in thy weakness—
O struggling soul! be still.
Dark clouds are His pavilion shining o'er thee,
Thine heart must recognize
The veiled Shechinah moving on before thee,
Too bright to meet thine eyes.

Behold the wheel that straightly moves, and fleetly
Performs the Sovereign Word;
Thou know'st His suffering love! then suffering
meekly,
Follow thy loving Lord!
Watch on the tower, and listen by the gateway,
Nor weep to wait alone;
Take thou thy spices, and some angel straightway
Shall roll away the stone.

Then shalt thou tell thy living Lord hath risen,
And risen but to save;
Tell of the might that breaks the Captive's prison,
And life beyond the grave!
Tell how He met thee, all His radiance shrouded;
How in thy sorrow came
His pitying voice breathing, when faith was clouded,
Thine own familiar name.

So at the grave's dark portal thou may'st linger,
And hymn some happy strain;
The passing world may mock the feeble singer—
Heed not, but sing again.
Thus wait, thus watch, till He the last link sever,
And changeless rest be won;
Then in His glory thou shalt bask for ever,
Fear not the clouds—PRESS ON!

"THY WILL BE DONE!"

FOUR little words, no more—
Easy to say;
But thoughts that went before,
Can words convey?

The struggle, only known
To one proud soul,
And Him whose eye alone
Has marked the whole,

Before that stubborn will
At length was broke,
And a low "Peace, be still!"
One soft Voice spoke;

The pang, when that sad heart
Its dreams resigned,
And strength was found, to part
Those bonds long twined,

To yield that treasure up,
So fondly clasped,
To drain that bitter cup,
So sadly grasped!

But all is calm at last,
"Thy will be done!"
Enough, the storm is past,
The field is won.

Now for the peaceful breast,
The quiet sleep;
For soul and spirit rest,
Tranquil and deep.

Rest, whose full bliss and power
They only know,
Who knew the bitter hour
Of restless woe.

The rebel will subdued—
The fond heart free—
"Thy will be done!"—*all* good
That comes from Thee.

All weary thought and care,
Lord, we resign;
Ours is to do, to bear,
To choose is thine.

Four little words, no more—
Easy to say;
But what was felt before,
Can words convey?

THEY SHALL BE MINE!

"THEY shall be mine!" Oh! lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that He gives;
He calls them by their names, He knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as He lives.

"They shall be mine!" upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sand, from mountains cold—
Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows,
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by His breath who claims it for His own,
Shine in the circle which His love foreseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest by His throne.

But shall the dust from earthly dust first taken
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken,
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

"They shall be mine!" they, as on earth we knew them—
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press—
Only a fuller life be circling through them,
Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be mine!" children of sin and sorrow
Giv'st Thou, O Lord! heaven's almost verge to them?

No; from each rifled grave Thy crown shall borrow
An added light—a prized and costly gem.

They shall be mine!" Thought fails and feeling falters,
Striving to sound and fathom love divine;
All that we know—no time Thy promise alters—
All that we trust, our loved ones shall be Thine.

LEAVE ME NOT NOW.

LEAVE me not now, while still the shade is creeping
O'er the sad heart that longs to rest in Thee;
Hear my complaint, and while my soul is weeping,
Breathe Thou the holy dew of sympathy.

Leave me not now, Thou Saviour of compassion,
While yet the busy tempter lurketh near;
Lord, by Thine anguish and Thy wond'rous passion,
Do I entreat Thee now to linger here.

Jesus, Thou soul of love, Thou heart of feeling,
Let me repose the weary night away
Safe on Thy bosom, all my woes revealing,
Secure from danger, till the dawn of day.

Then leave me not, O Comforter and Father,
Parent of love! I live but in Thy sight;
Good Shepherd, to Thy fold the wand'rer gather,
There to adore Thee, morning, noon, and night.

FAITH'S REPOSE.

FATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Love Divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide—
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

I SEE them far away,
In their calm beauty, on the evening skies,
Across the golden west their summits rise,
Bright with the radiance of departing day.
And often, ere the sunset light was gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength, all weariness and pain
Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

Heaven lies not far beyond,
But these are hills of earth, our changeful air
Circles around them, and the dwellers there
Still own mortality's mysterious bond.
The ceaseless contact, the continued strife,
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still sounds between their path and the Celestial shore.

But there, the pilgrims say,
On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise
Of all our busy cares and restless joys
Has almost in the distance died away;
All the past journey "a right way" appears,
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears,

And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,
The city's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart!
These happy ones in the far distance seen
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain,
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage-ground, and then, with vigor new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah! far too faint, too poor
Are all our views and aims—we only stand
Within the borders of the promised land,
Its precious things we seek not to secure;
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung
Our harps are left the willow-trees among;
Lord, lead us forward, upward, till we know
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below.

"And then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains. . . . . So he looked, and behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, ... very delectable to behold, ... and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City."—*Bunyan.*

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist, encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around, and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

To Thee I come—ah! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow
Thou, only Thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest—Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But, till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God!

GOD'S WAYS.

HOW few who from their youthful day
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the visions of the way
In colors soft, and bright, and free;
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire
Who pant to toil for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire
The upland way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast;
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,
With love to make the labor light,
And then their beauty they must shed,
On quiet homes and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,
And if it dared its life to scan
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

And they the bright, who long to prove
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot;
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief to walk to heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

What matter what the path shall be?
The end is clear and bright to view:
He knows that we a strength shall see
Whate'er the day shall bring to do:
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

I CANNOT pray; yet Lord, thou know'st
The pain it is to me,
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

Prayer was not meant for luxury
Of selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thoughts of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self,
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on Thee.

The soul that on self-sacrifice
  Is dutifully bent,
Will bless the chastening hand that makes
  Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
  And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
  Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface troubles come and go
  Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
  To all, my God, but Thee!

MY GUEST.

I HAVE a wonderful Guest,
  Who speeds my feet, who moves my hands,
Who strengthens, comforts, guides, commands,
  Whose presence gives me rest.

He dwells within my soul;
  He swept away the filth and gloom,
He garnished fair the empty room,
  And now pervades the whole.

For aye, by day and night,
He keeps the portal—suffers naught
Defile the temple He has bought,
And filled with joy and light.

Once 'twas a cavern dim;
The home of evil thoughts, desires,
Enkindled by infernal fires,
Without one thought of Him.

Regenerated by His grace,
Still 'tis a meagre inn, at best,
Wherein the King's to make His rest,
And show His glorious face.

Yet, Saviour, ne'er depart
From this poor earthly cottage home,
Until the Father bid me come,
Whisp'ring within my heart:

"I shake these cottage walls;
Fear not! at My command they bow;
My heavenly mansions open now,
As this poor dwelling falls."

Then my dear wondrous Guest
Shall bear me on His own right hand
Unto that fair and Promised Land,
Where I in Him shall rest.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

"IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *my* feet
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,

And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill.
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,

Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore:
As you work your heart must watch
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,

Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun

To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face:
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,

I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

A QUIET MIND.

I HAVE a treasure which I prize;
Its like I cannot find:
There's nothing like it on the earth;
'Tis this—a quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart,
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross:
And there, to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life,
To give it were designed;
His love, the never-failing spring
Of this, my quiet mind.

The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven on earth—
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind;
But present troubles move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross,
I never seek to find;
My Saviour says: "Leave that to me,
And keep a quiet mind."

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow those
Who have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth,
And scorn, and looks unkind;
It matters not—I envy none,
While I've a quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see my Lord,
So patient and so kind;
I want to thank Him face to face,
For this my quiet mind.

ALL IS LIGHT.

WHAT though storm-clouds gather round me,
Hovering darkly o'er my way?
While I see the cross of Calvary
Beaming with celestial ray,
All is light, all is light!

What though mortal powers may falter?
Earthly plans and prospects fail?
With a heaven-born hope which entereth
E'en to that within the veil,
All is light, all is light!

What though all my future pathway
Be from mortal sight concealed?
With the love of Jesus glowing,
As it lies to faith revealed,
All is light, all is light!

E'en though death's deep vale before me
Seem o'erspread with thickest gloom,
While I see a heavenly radiance
Bursting from beyond the tomb,
All is light, all is light!

LONGINGS.

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hopes deferred. Oh! that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see
The waymarks that my Saviour left for me.
Would it were morn, and I were safe with Him!

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh! that it were Thy will
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land!

Oh! that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fall at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And Thine own hands might wipe away my tears.

Oh! that I were at rest, like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me—
Not even from that last deep agony.
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord; for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know Thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me didst bleed?

BRIDGES.

I HAVE a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Sighs;
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where its darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come from the shadowy land
And darken all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Oh! mournful is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown;
And pleasures gone!—their distant tread,
Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While joy but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

Oh! often then will deeper grow,
The night that round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the Bridge of Faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from the sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
Down to a distant sea,
Oh! pleasant is the spirit-song
That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

And, hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

Oh! often then will brighter grow
The light that round me lies,
I see from life's beclouded flow
A crystal stream arise.

"*FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.*"

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified:
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,
My Well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

H. N. C.

Oroomiah, Persia.

ASLEEP ON GUARD!

"O SHAME!" we're sometimes fain to say
"On Peter sleeping, while His dear Lord lay
Awake with anguish, in the garden's shade,
Waiting His hour to be betrayed."

We say, or think, if we had gone
Thither—instead of Peter, James, and John—
And Christ had left us on the outpost dim,
As sentinels, to watch with Him;

We would have sooner died, than sleep
The little time we vigil had to keep;
Then wake, to feel His torturing question's power
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

One hour in sad Gethsemane!
And such an hour as that to Him must be!
All night our tireless eyes had pierced the shade,
Where He in grief's great passion prayed.

What do we now, to make our word
Seem no vain boast of love to Christ our Lord?
We cannot take the chidden sleeper's place,
And shun, by proof, His deep disgrace!

No more, the olive's shade beneath,
The human Christ foretastes the cup of death,
And leaves His servants in the outer gloom,
To watch till He again shall come!

Yet are there midnights dark and dread,
When Jesus still by traitors is betrayed;
Our bosom-sin's the lurking foe at hand,
And "Watch with me" is Christ's command.

One little hour of sleepless care,
And sin could wrest no victory from us there;
But, with the fame of our loved Lord to keep,
Like those we scorn, we fall asleep.

Oh! if our risen Lord must chide
Our souls, for slumbering His death-cross beside,
What face have we to boast our feeble sense
Had shamed poor Peter's vigilance!

On Peter, James, and John, no more
The wrong reproach of hasty pride we pour;
But feel within the question's torturing power,
"Could *ye* not watch with me one hour?"

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer!

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of faith up-borne,
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then do I feel my sins forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With joys of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not. All our way
Is night. With Thee alone is day!
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm—our prayers we lift—
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we, to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that even we

May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice—
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If, from Thy ordeal's heated bars,
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power;
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike! Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—
Thy will be done!

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine! for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the day-light
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest—

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
Before the Judgment-day,

And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

"NOW"

"RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and Future are looking
In the face of the stern To-day"

THE NEED OF JESUS.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way:
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee—
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With a dark and evil mind;
I need the light of Jesus,
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory—
Where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need Thee day by day—
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit,
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And, if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know:
And now to practise I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear,
Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dew-drop tear;
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well:
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell!
PRACTISE them. Farewell, farewell!

LESS AND MORE.

TWO prayers, dear Lord, in one—
Give me both less and more;
Less of the impatient world, and more of Thee;
Less of myself, and all that heretofore
Made me to slip where willing feet do run,
And held me back from where I fain would be—
Kept me, my Lord, from Thee!

All things which most I need
Are Thine; Thou wilt bestow
Both strength and shield, and be my willing Guest;
Yet my weak heart takes up a broken reed,
Thy rod and staff doth readily forego,
And I, who might be rich, am poor, distressed,
And seek but have not rest.

How long, O Lord, how long?
So have I cried of late,
As though I knew not what I well do know:
Come Thou, Great Master Builder, and create
Anew that which is Thine; undo my wrong—
Breathe on this waste, and life and health bestow
Come, Lord, let it be so!

Let it be so, and then—
What then? My soul shall wait,
And ever pray—all prayers, dear Lord, in one—
Thy will o'er mine in all this mortal state
Hold regal sway. To Thy commands, Amen!
Break from my waiting lips till work is done,
And crown and glory won.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean—my strength and stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love! the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears!
The tale of love unfolded in those years

Of sinless suffering and patient grace
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

Thoughts of His glory! on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope! which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
And what a sunrise will that advent be

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean—my strength, my stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

RETROSPECT.

O LOVING One! O Bounteous One!
What have I not received from Thee,
Throughout the seasons that have gone
Into the past eternity!

Lowly my name and mine estate;
Yet, Father, many a child of Thine,

Of purer heart and cleaner hands,
Walks in an humbler path than mine.

And, looking backward through the year
Along the way my feet have pressed,
I see sweet places everywhere—
Sweet places where my soul had rest.

For, though some human hopes of mine
Are dead, and buried from my sight,
Yet from their graves immortal flowers
Have sprung, and blossomed into light.

Body, and heart, and soul have been
Fed by the most convenient food;
My nights are peaceful all the while,
And all my mortal days are good.

My sorrows have not been so light
Thy chastening hand I could not trace;
Nor have my blessings been so great
That they have hid my Father's face.

HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED?

"The rain that falls upon the height,
Too gently to be called delight,
In the dark valley reäppears
As a wild cataract of tears:
And love in life shall strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be."

Angel in the House.

HOW doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it hath laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

This little loving fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns in infancy,
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low:
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been, had love been less.

This failing, at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!

How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained
When it can never be explained:

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor
But never will be needed more!

It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight,
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ our life! fore-date the work of Death,
And do this now!
Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved!
Not Death, but Thou!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IN human form enthroned,
The sin of man atoned,
Immanuel sits in highest seat of heaven,
Our nature there He wears,
And that blest union bears,
In David's city on the low earth given.

He draws us by a love,
Not such as seraphs move
In happy life through all the realms of space
More subtle is the chord,
The speaking of a word
In language learned among our fleshly race.

"My blood, once flowing free
Upon the darkened tree,

Gives life to you in heaven's eternal room;
The Brother and the Friend,
Through ages without end,
Shall e'en outlast the Saviour from the doom."

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

THOU art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee;
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray,
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free:
Thou art our Way!

Thou art the Truth!
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth;
It starves while learning poison from the grain:
Thou art the Truth!

Thou art the Truth!
Truth for the mind, grand, glorious, infinite,
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth;
Bread for the heart its daily need to meet.
Thou art the Truth!

Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In Thee we look on God, and love and live:
Thou art our Light!

Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock;
On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art the Rock!

Thou art the Life!
All ways without Thee paths that end in death;
All life without Thee with death's harvest rife;
All truths dry bones, disjoined and void of breath:
Thou art our Life!

For Thou art Love!
Our Way and End! the way is rest with Thee!
O living Truth! the truth is life in Thee!
O Life essential! life is bliss with Thee!
For Thou art Love!

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer.

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer.

When the bright sun hath set,
While eve's bright colors deck the skies;
When with the loved at home again thou'st met,
Then let thy prayers arise;
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share,
Eve is the time for prayer.

And when the stars come forth—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,

And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure bright dreams of heaven;
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear
Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?
In *every hour*, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BREEZES of spring, all earth to life awaking,
Birds swiftly soaring through the sunny sky,
The butterfly its lonely prison breaking,
The seed up-springing which had seemed to die

Types such as these a word of hope have spoken,
Have shed a gleam of light around the tomb;
But weary hearts longed for a surer token,
A clearer ray, to dissipate its gloom.

And this was granted! See the Lord ascending,
On crimson clouds of evening calmly borne,

With hands out-stretched, and looks of love still
bending
On his bereaved ones, who no longer mourn.

"I am the resurrection!" hear Him saying,
"I am the life; he who believes in me
Shall never die; the souls my call obeying,
Soon where I am for evermore shall be."

Sing hallelujah! light from heaven appearing,
The mystery of life and death is plain;
Now to the grave we can descend unfearing,
In sure and certain hope to rise again!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

LORD, I am come along with Thee!
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see,
And feel Thy presence near;
It is not fancy's lovely dream,
Though wondrous e'en to faith it seem,
That Thou dost wait me here.

A moment from this outward life,
Its service, self-denial, strife,
I joyfully retreat;
My soul, through intercourse with Thee.

Strengthened, refreshed, and calmed shall be,
Its scenes again to meet.

How can it be that one so mean,
A sinner, selfish, dark, unclean,
Thus in the Holiest stands?
And in that light divinely pure
Which may no stain of sin endure,
Lifts up rejoicing hands!

Jesus! the answer Thou hast given!
Thy death, Thy life, have opened heaven
And all its joys to me;
Washed in Thy blood—oh! wondrous grace!
I'm holy as the Holy Place
In which I worship Thee.

How sweet, how solemn thus to lie,
And feel Jehovah's searching eye
On me well pleased can rest!
Because with His Beloved Son,
The Father's grace has made me *one*,
I must be always blest.

The secret pangs I could not tell
To dearest friend—*Thou* knowest well;
They claim Thy gracious heart:
Thou dost remove with tender care,

Or sweetly give me strength to bear
The sanctifying smart.

Thy presence has a wondrous power!
The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,
And breathes a sweet perfume;
Whate'er looked dark and sad before,
With happy light shines silvered o'er,
There's no such thing as gloom!

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear;
The needful stroke Thou dost not spare,
To keep me near Thy side;
But when I see the chastening rod
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God!
I feel so satisfied!

Now, while I tell Thee how, within,
I oft indulge my bosom sin,
How faithless oft I prove
No cold repulse, no frown I meet,
But tender, soul-subduing, sweet
Is the rebuke of Love.

THE SUFFERER CHEERED

"SAY! shall I take the thorn away?"
So spake my gracious Lord—
"O'er which thy sighs are heaved by day,
Thy nightly tears are poured?
Say! shall I give thee rest and ease,
Make earth's fair prospects rise,
And bid thy bark o'er summer seas
Float smoothly to the skies?

"Shall peace and plenty's cup swell high,
Health leap through every vein,
And all exempt thy moments fly
From bitter inward pain?
Be naught to check the inspiring flow
Of human friendship's tide;
And every want thy heart can know,
Be quickly satisfied?

"Know, thine ease-loving heart might miss
The *comfort* with the *care!*
And that full tide of earthly bliss
Leave little room for prayer!
Few were thy visits to the throne,
Unhastened there by pain;
Thou, o'er thy bosom-sins, alone,
Wouldst small advantage gain!

"Nor deem the highest, holiest joy
A stranger still to woe;
Blest servants in my high employ,
Most closely linked they go.
My love illumes with tenderest rays
The path of self-denial;
And burning bright the glory's blaze
That crowns the fiery trial!

"In conscious weakness thou shalt hang
On my almighty arm!
Soon as the thorn inflicts its pang,
I'll pour my love's rich balm.
Thou plainest in thy deepest woe
Shalt feel me at thy side;
And, for my praise, to all shalt show,
Thou art well satisfied.

"Then, wilt thou in thy Master's cup
Consent awhile to share?
Know, when in love I drank it up,
No *wrath* was left thee there!
Thy Saviour's love and power to bless,
Trust where thou canst not *see!*
And in yon howling wilderness
Step fearless forth with me!"

"Lord! magnify Thyself in me!"
With faltering lips I said;
For, strong to bear as faith may be,
Weak nature quails with dread.
But He who through the shrinking flesh
The spirit's will can read,
Smiled on His work, and bade afresh
ALL GRACE MEET ALL MY NEED.

ALL IN CHRIST.

IN Thee my heart, O Jesus! finds repose;
Thou bringest rest to all that weary are.
Until that Day-spring from on high arose,
I wandered through a night without a star;
My feet had gone astray
Upon a lonely way:
Each guide I followed failed me in my need;
Each staff I leaned on proved a broken reed.

Then, when in mine extremity to Thee
I turned, Thy pity did prevent my prayer;
From that entangling maze it set me free,
And quickly loosed my heavy load of care

Gave me the lofty scope
Of a heaven-centred hope,
And led me on with Thee, a gentle Guide,
Thither, where pure immortal joys abide.

Thou art the great completion of my soul,
The blest fulfilment of its deepest need;
When self-surrendered to Thy mild control,
It enters into liberty indeed;
Thy love, a genial law,
Its every aim doth draw
Within its holy range, and sweetly lure
Its longings toward the beautiful and pure.

Thy presence is the never-failing spring
Of life and comfort in each darker hour;
And, through thy grace benignly ministering,
Grief wields a secret, purifying power.
'Tis sweet, O Lord! to know
Thy kindredness with woe;
Sweeter to walk with Thee on ways apart
Than with the world, where heart is shut to heart.

For Thee eternity reserves her hymn;
For Thee earth has her prayers, and heaven her vows;
Thy saints adore Thee, and the seraphim,
Under thy glory, stoop their starry brows.

Oh! may that light divine
On me still clearer shine—
A power, an inspiration from above,
Lifting me higher to Thy perfect love!

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT!"

"HIMSELF hath done it" all! Oh! how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
Himself hath done it—He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it!" Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not *one* unneeded sorrow will He send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it!" Yes, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it!" Oh! no arm but His
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot;
But while I know He's doing all things well,
My heart His loving-kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it!" He who's searched me through,
Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties;
And so He breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for happiness and joy relies.

"Himself hath done it!" He would have me see
What broken cisterns human friends *must* prove;
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of *ever-living* love.

"Himself hath done it!" Then I fain would say,
"Thy will in *all* things evermore be done;"
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

"Himself hath done it!" Precious, precious words,
"Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Whose faithfulness no variation knows;
Who, having loved me, loves me *to the end.*

And when, in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I'll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,
"Himself hath done it"—all, from first to last!

LIVING WATERS.

IN some wild Eastern legend the story has been told,
Of a fair and wondrous fountain, that flowed in times of old;
Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly glancing in the ray
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favored hour
Infused into the limpid depths a strange mysterious power;
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again,
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and haste,
Far through the mountain-desert, far o'er the sandy waste,

If but he sought this fountain first, and from its wondrous store
The secret of unfailing springs along with him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend—yet may not meanings high,
Visions of better things to come, within its shadow lie?
Type of a better fountain, to mortals now unsealed,
The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord revealed?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise, and he who finds them there
All through the wilderness of life the living stream may bear;
And blessings follow in his steps, until where'er he goes,
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the rose.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to this fountain side!
Drink freely of its waters, drink, and be satisfied!

Yet linger not, but hasten on, and bear to all around
Glad tidings of the love, and peace, and mercy thou hast found!

To Afric's pathless deserts, to Greenland's frozen shore—
Where din of mighty cities sounds, or savage monsters roar—
Wherever man may wander with his heritage of woe,
To tell of brighter things above, go, brothers, gladly go!

Then, as of old in vision seen before the prophet's eyes,
Broader and deeper on its course the stream of life shall rise;
And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and love,
Peace and good-will to man on earth, glory to God above!

ABIDE WITH US.

THE tender light is fading where
We pause and linger still,
And, through the dim and saddened air,
We feel the evening chill.

Long hast Thou journeyed with us, Lord,
Ere we Thy face did know;
Oh! still Thy fellowship afford,
While dark the shadows grow.

For passed is many a beauteous field,
Beside our morning road;
And many a fount to us is sealed
That once so freshly flowed.

The splendor of the noontide lies
On other paths than ours;
The dews that lave yon fragrant skies
Will not revive our flowers.

It is not now as in the glow
Of life's impassioned heat,
When to the heart there seemed to flow
All that of earth was sweet.

Something has faded—something died—
Without us and within;
We more than ever need a guide;
Blinded and weak with sin.

The weight is heavy that we bear,
Our strength more feeble grows;
Weary with toil and pain and care,
We long for sweet repose.

Stay with us, gracious Saviour, stay,
While friends and hopes depart!
Fainting, on Thee we wish to lay
The burden of our heart.

Abide with us, dear Lord! remain
Our Life, our Truth, our Way!
So shall our loss be turned to gain—
Night dawn to endless day.

THE BETTER LIFE.

"All the way by which the Lord thy God led thee."

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills:
When the paths of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God;

With the light of resurrection,
When our changéd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that flesh obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine

While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?

Shall we e'er forget the sadness
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness
And our tears are dried by Him?

Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished,
Which He loved to soothe and share—
All the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

Yes! we surely shall remember
How He quickened us from death:
How He fanned the dying ember
With His Spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And His light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.

Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day;
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

PRAY FOR WHOM THOU LOVEST.

PRAY for whom thou lovest; thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray.

YES, pray for whom thou lovest; thou mayst vainly, idly seek
The fervid words of tenderness by feeble words to speak;
Go kneel before thy Father's throne, and meekly, humbly there
Ask blessing for the loved one in the silent hour of prayer.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest; if uncounted wealth were thine—
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches of the mine—
Thou could'st not to thy cherished friends a gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction of a deeply loving heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop
and wave ere long
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-
loving throng,
But seek the friend who when thy prayer for him
shall murmured be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent
prayer for thee.

And should thy flowery path of life become a path
of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy
spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor pov-
erty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy time
of prayer.

DRAWING WATER.

I HAD drank with lip unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst.

And I said, Life is a desert,
Hot and measureless and dry;

And God will not give me water,
  Though I pray and faint and die!

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
  "Rise and roll the stone away!
There are founts of life upspringing
  In thy pathway every day."

Then I said my heart was sinful—
  Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation
  Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answered: "Rise and labor!
  Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thou out a goodly vessel
  With the strong hands of thy faith!"

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
  Then knelt lowly, humbly there;
And I drew up living water,
  With the golden chain of prayer.

A TRUE DREAM.

I DREAMT we danced in careless glee,
With hearts and footsteps light and free,
That one so dearly loved and I,
As in the childish days gone by
For ever.

I felt her arms around me fold,
I heard her soft laugh as of old;
Her eyes with smiles were brimming o'er,
Eyes we may meet on earth no more
For ever.

Then there came mingling with my dreams
A sense perplexed of loss and change—
An echo dim of time and tears;
Until I said: "How long it seems
Since thus we danced! Is it not strange?
Do you not feel the weight of years?
Or dread life's evening shadows cold?
Or mourn to think we must grow old?"
Wondering, she paused a little while,
Then answered, with a radiant smile:
"No, never!"

Wondering as if to her I told
The customs of some foreign land
Or spoke a tongue she knew of old,
But could no longer understand.
Till o'er her face that sunshine broke,
And with that radiant smile she spoke
That "Never."

But not until the dream had fled
I knew the sense of what she said;
Young with immortal truth and love,
Child in the Father's house above
For ever.

We echo back thy words again;
They smite us with no grief or pain;
We journey not towards the night,
But to the breaking of the light
Together.

Our life is no poor cisterned store
The lavish years are draining low;
But living streams that, welling o'er,
Fresh from the Living Fountain flow
For ever.

"O LORD! THOU KNOWEST."

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest:
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness
And the dark river to be crossed at last:
Oh! what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this—*thou knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved!
And Love and Sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known!

MINISTRY.

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

SINCE service is the highest lot,
And all are in one Body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be crowned.

The sufferer on the bed of pain
Need not be laid aside from this;
But for each kindness gives again
"This joy of doing kindnesses."

The poorest may enrich this feast,
Not one lives only to receive;
But renders through the hands of Christ
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child, in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
Many a cup of ministry
May for the weary veteran pour.

The lonely glory of a throne
May yet this lowly joy preserve;

Love may make that a stepping-stone,
And raise "I reign" into "I serve."

This, by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry;
That creature best has ministered
Which is what it was meant to be.

Birds by being glad their Maker bless
By simply shining, sun and star;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do than what we are.

Since service is the highest lot
And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good her cup is fraught
Who was created but for this!

IT IS WELL.

SO they said, who saw the wonders
Of Messiah's power and love;
So they sing, who see His glory
In the Father's house above;
Ever reading, in each record
Of the strangely varied past,
"All was well which God appointed,
All has wrought for good at last."

And on earth we hear the echoes
Of that chorus in the sky;
Through the day of toil or weeping,
Faith can raise a glad reply.
It is well, O saints departed!
Well with you, for ever blest.
Well with us, who journey forward
To your glory and your rest!

Times are changing, days are flying,
Years are quickly past and gone,
While the wildly mingled murmur
Of life's busy hum goes on;
Sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph,
Marriage chimes and passing-bell;
Yet through all one key-note sounding,
Angels' watchword: "It is well."

We may hear it, through the rushing
Of the midnight tempest's wave;
We may hear it, through the weeping
Round the newly covered grave;
In the dreary house of mourning,
In the darkened room of pain,
If we listen meekly, rightly,
We may catch that soothing strain.

For Thine arm thou hast not shortened,
Neither turned away thine ear,
O Saviour! ever ready
The afflicted's prayer to hear!
Show us light, still surely resting
Over all Thy darkest ways;
Give us faith, still surely trusting
Through the sad and evil days.

And thus, while years are fleeting,
Though our joys are with them gone,
In Thy changeless love rejoicing
We shall journey calmly on;
Till at last, all sorrow over,
Each our tale of grace shall tell,
In the heavenly chorus joining:
"Lord, thou hast done all things well!"

I.

THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother."

THE strongest light casts deepest shade,
The dearest love makes dreariest loss,
And she His birth so blessed had made
Stood by Him dying on the cross.

Yet since not grief but joy shall last,
The day and not the night abide,
And all time's shadows, earthward cast,
Are lights upon the "other side;"

Through what long bliss that shall not fail,
That darkest hour shall brighten on!
Better than any angel's "*Hail!*"
The memory of "*Behold thy Son!*"

Blessed in thy lowly heart to store
The homage paid at Bethlehem;
But far more blessed evermore,
Thus to have shared the taunts and shame.

Thus with thy pierced heart to have stood
'Mid mocking crowds and owned Him thine,
True through a world's ingratitude,
And owned in death by lips Divine.

II.

THE CROWN.

THOU shalt be crowned, O mother blest!
Our hearts behold thee crowned e'en now;
The crown of motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

Thou shalt be crowned! More fragrant bays
Then ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

Thou shalt be crowned! All earth and heaven
Thy coronation pomp shall see;
The Hand by which thy crown is given
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

Thou shalt be crowned! but not a queen;
A better triumph ends thy strife:
Heaven's bridal raiment, white and clean,
The victor's crown of fadeless life.

Thou shalt be crowned! but not alone—
No lonely pomp shall weigh thee down;
Crowned with the myriads round His throne,
And casting at His feet thy crown.

PRAYER OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

ALL in weakness, all in sorrow,
O my God! I come once more,
Lifting up the sad petition
Thou hast often heard before,
In the former days of darkness,
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble
Thou hast never ceased to be,
Since at first a weeping sinner
Fell before Thee trustingly;
And Thy voice is ever sounding:
"O ye weary! come to Me."

Lord, Thou knowest all the weakness
Of the creatures Thou hast made,
For with mortal imperfection
Thou didst once Thy glory shade;
Thou hast loved and Thou hast sorrowed,
In the veil of flesh arrayed.

Thus I fear not to approach Thee
With my sorrow and my care;
Hear my mourning supplication,
Cast not out my humble prayer!

Lay not on a greater burden
Than Thy feeble child can bear!

Earth has lost its best attractions,
All the brightest stars are gone—
All is clouded now and cheerless,
Where so long a glory shone:
Where I walked with loved companions,
I must wander now alone.

All is dark on the horizon,
Clouds returning after rain;
Faith is languid, Hope is weary,
And the questions rise again:
"Doth the promise fail for ever?
Hast thou made all men in vain?"

O my God! rebuke the tempter,
Let not unbelief prevail!
Pray for me, Thy feeble servant,
That my weak faith may not fail,
Nor my Hope let go her anchor
When the waves and storms assail!

All these passing changing shadows,
All these brief, bright joys below—
Let me grasp them not so closely,
Nor desire nor prize them so!

Nor endure this bitter anguish
When Thou bid'st me let them go!

O Redeemer! shall one perish
Who has looked to Thee for aid?
Let me see Thee, let me hear Thee,
Through the gloomy midnight shade;
Let me hear Thy voice of comfort:
"It is I; be not afraid!"

For when feeling *Thou* art near me,
All my loneliness is o'er,
And the tempter's dark suggestions
Can oppress my soul no more;
I shall dread the path no longer
Where Thyself hast gone before.

And the lights of earth all fading,
I can gaze on tearlessly,
When the glory that excelleth,
When the light of life I see.
Whom besides, in earth or heaven,
Should my heart desire, but Thee?

SALOME.

SHE knew not what for them she sought,
At His right hand and left to sit!
How great the glory, passing thought;
How rough the path that led to it.

They knew not what of Him they asked!
But He their deeper sense distilled.
Gently the selfish wish unmasked,
But all the prayer of love fulfilled.

Pride sought to lift herself on high,
And heard but of the bitter cup;
Love would but to her Lord be nigh,
And won her measure full—heaped up

With vision of His glory blessed;
Stood on the mountain by His side;
Leaned, at the Supper, on His breast;
Stood close beneath Him when He died.

One brother shared His cup of woe—
The second of His martyr-band:
One, by His glory smitten low,
Rose at the touch of His right hand.

Thus, when by earth's cross lights perplexed,
We crave the thing that should not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
Gives what we would ask, could we see.

MEMORIES

WHEN fall the evening shadows, long and deep, across the hill;
When all the air is fragrance, and all the breezes still;

When the summer sun seems pausing above the mountain's brow,
As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now;

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly gaze, and long,
As if reading some old story those deep purple clouds among;

Then Memory approaches, holding up her magic glass,
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the surface pass.

And often do I question, as I view that phantom
train,
Whether most with joy or sadness I behold them
thus again.

They are there, those scenes of beauty, where
life's brightest hours have fled,
And I haste, with dear companions, the old paths
again to tread;

But, suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is flown,
And I find a thorny wilderness, where I must
walk alone.

Thou art there, so loved and honored, as in each
former hour,
When we read thine eye's deep meaning, when
we heard thy words of power;

When our souls, as willing captives, have sought
to follow thine,
Tracing the eternal footsteps of Might and Love
Divine.

But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of clouds
and gloom,
And beside a bier I tremble, or I weep above a
tomb.

And ever will the question come, O Memory! again,
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of bliss or pain?

Would I not wish the brightness were for ever hid from view,
If but those hours of darkness could be all forgotten too?

Then, weary and desponding, my spirit seeks to rise
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal smiles or sighs.

I do not think the blesséd ones with Jesus have forgot
The changing joys and sorrows which have marked their earthly lot;

But now, on Memory's record their eyes can calmly dwell;
They can see, what here they trusted—(God hath done all things well;)

And vain regrets and longings are as old things passed away;
No shadows dim the sunshine of that bright eternal day!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THY miracles are no state splendors
Whose pomps Thy daily works excel;
The rock which breaks the stream, but renders
Its constant current audible.

The power which startles us in thunders
Works ever silently in light;
And mightier than these special wonders,
The wonders daily in our sight.

Rents in the veils Thy works that fold,
They let the inner light shine through:
The rent is new, the light is old,
Eternal, never ever new.

And, therefore, when Thy touch arrests
The bearers of that bier at Nain,
Warm on unnumbered hearts it rests,
Though yet their dead live not again.

And Thy compassionate "Weep not!"
On this our tearful earth once heard,
For every age with comfort fraught,
Tells how Thy heart is ever stirred.

Nature repeats the tale each year,
  She feels Thy touch through countless springs,
And, rising from her wintery bier,
  Throws off her grave-clothes, lives and sings.

And when Thy touch through earth shall thrill
  This bier whereon our race is laid,
And, for the first time standing still,
  The long procession of the dead

At Thy "Arise!" shall wake from clay,
  Young, deathless, freed from every stain;
When Thy "Weep not!" shall wipe away
  Tears that shall never come again;

When the strong chains of death are burst,
  And lips long dumb begin to speak,
What name will each then utter first?
  What music shall that silence break?

PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet,
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And, as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once, and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here, through Thy triumph, on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But, chiselled in the hill-sides, evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced;
Where Thy feet trod to bless, we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor, and tried, and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!

Our path is onward, till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land,
Thou, Thou, art there!

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year
Has borne its record to the skies
Another year! another year,
Untried, unproved, before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray—
How shall we meet its final day?

Another year, another year!
Its squandered hours will ne'er return
Oh! many a heart must quail with fear
O'er memory's blotted page to turn.
No record from that leaf will fade,
Not one erasure may be made.

Another year, another year!
How many a grief has marked its flight!
Some whom we love, no more are here—
Translated to the realms of light.
Ah! none can bless the coming year
Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year, another year!
Oh! many a blessing, too, was given,
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,
And antedate the joys of heaven;
But they, too, slumber in the past,
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year, another year!
Gaze we no longer on the past,
Nor let us shrink, with faithless fear,
From the dark shade the future casts.
The past, the future—what are they
To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year, another year!
Perchance the last of life below.
Who, ere its close, Death's call may hear
None but the Lord of life can know.
Oh! to be found, whene'er that day
May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year, another year!
  Help us earth's thorny path to tread;
So may each moment bring us near
  To Thee, ere yet our lives are fled.
Saviour! we yield ourselves to Thee,
For time and for eternity.

THE PERPETUITY OF JOY IN HEAVEN

HERE brief is the sighing,
  And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
  And ended the strife.

What joys are in heaven?
To whom are they given?
  Ah! what? and to whom?
The stars to the earth-born,
"Best robes" to the sin-worn,
  The crown for the doom!

O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,

We press toward thee!
O Sion the golden!
Our eyes now are holden,
Thy light till we see:

Thy crystalline ocean,
Unvexed by commotion,
Thy fountain of life;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken—
Thy peace beyond strife:

Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more;
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along Thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with thee,
The Bridegroom is with thee—
With thee to abide!

We know not, we know not,
All human words show not,

The joys we may reach;
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

O Sion the golden!
My eyes still are holden,
Thy light till I see;
And deep in thy glory,
Unveiled then before me,
My King, look on thee

THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT.

THE sun had sunk in the West
For a little while,
And the clouds which gathered to see him die
Had caught his dying smile.

We sat in the door of our Tent,
In the cool of the day,
Toward the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay.

The great and terrible Land
Of wilderness and drought,

Lay in the shadows behind us,
For the Lord had brought us out.

The great and terrible River,
Though shrouded still from view,
Lay in the shadows before us,
But the Lord would bear us through.

In the stillness and the starlight,
In sight of the Blessed Land,
We thought of the bygone Desert-life,
And the burning, blinding sand.

Many a dreary sunset,
Many a dreary dawn,
We had watched upon those desert hills
As we pressed slowly on.

Yet sweet had been the silent dews
Which from God's presence fell,
And the still hours of resting
By Palm-tree and by Well,

Till we pitched our Tent at last,
The Desert done,
Where we saw the hills of the Holy Land
Gleam in our sinking sun.

And we sat in the door of our Tent,
In the cool of the day,
Toward the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay:

We were talking about the King,
And our elder Brother,
As we were used often to speak
One to another.

The Lord standing quietly by,
In the shadows dim,
Smiling perhaps, in the dark, to hear
Our sweet, sweet talk of Him.

"I think in a little while,"
I said at length,
"We shall see His face in the city
Of everlasting strength;

"And sit down under the shadow
Of His smile,
With great delight and thanksgiving,
To rest awhile."

"But the River—the awful River!
In the dying light,"

And even as he spoke, the murmur
Of a River rose on the night!

And One came up through the meadow,
Where the mists lay dim,
Till He stood by my friend in the star-light,
And spake to him:

"I have come to call thee Home,"
Said our veiléd Guest;
"The terrible journey of life is done,
I will take thee into Rest.

"Arise! thou shalt come to the Palace,
To rest thee for ever;"
And He pointed across the dark meadow,
And down to the River.

And my friend rose up in the shadows,
And turned to me—
"Be of good cheer," I said faintly,
"For He calleth thee."

For I knew by His loving voice,
His kingly word,
The veiléd Guest in the star-light dim
Was Christ, the Lord!

So we three went slowly down
To the River-side,
Till we stood in the heavy shadows
By the black, wild tide.

I could hear that the Lord was speaking
Deep words of grace,
I could see their blessed reflection
On my friend's pale face.

The strong and desolate tide
Was hurrying wildly past,
As he turned to take my hand once more,
And say Farewell, at last.

"Farewell—I cannot fear,
Oh! seest *thou* His grace?"
And even as he spoke, he turned
Again to the Master's Face.

So they two went closer down
To the River-side,
And stood in the heavy shadows
By the black, wild tide.

But when the feet of the Lord
Were come to the waters dim,
They rose to stand, on either hand,
And left a path for Him;

So they two passed over swiftly
  Toward the Goal,
But the wistful, longing gaze
  Of the passing soul

Grew only more rapt and joyful
  As he clasped the Master's hand,
I think, or ever he was aware
  They were come to the Holy Land.

Now I sit alone in the door of my Tent
  In the cool of the day,
Toward the quiet meadow
  Where misty shadows play.

The great and terrible Land
  Of wilderness and drought,
Lies in the shadows behind me,
  For the Lord hath brought me out;

The great and terrible River
  I stood that night to view,
Lies in the shadows before me,
  But the Lord will bear me through.

THE LONG GOOD-NIGHT.

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears:
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good-night, till then!

Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay!
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away;
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal.
Good-night, till then!

Why thus so sadly weeping,
Beloved ones of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now He bids us part.

Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us.
Good-night, till then!

I go to see His glory,
Whom we have loved below:
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints to know.
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
Good-night, till then!

I hear the Saviour calling—
The joyful hour has come:
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good-night, till then

FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

SITTING in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult
With a kind of sad delight—
Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose step I long to hear;
One who, though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.
Soft! he comes—now heart, be quick—
Leaping in triumphant pride!
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping
Winds are wailing mournfully;
And the rain-tears together
Journey to the restless sea.
I can fancy, sea, your murmur,
As they with your waters flow,
Like the griefs of single beings,
Making up a nation's woe!

Branches, bid your guests be silent;
Hush a moment, fretful rain;
Breeze, stop sighing—let me listen,
God grant not again in vain!

In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride.
Joy! Alas! a stranger footstep
Goes on by the other side.

Ah! how many wait for ever
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home!
Many in the still of midnight
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

GONE HOME.

GONE home! Gone home! She lingers here no longer
A restless pilgrim, walking painfully,
With homesick longing, daily growing stronger,
And yearning visions of the joys to be.

Gone home! Gone home! Her earnest, active spirit,
Her very playfulness, her heart of love!
The heavenly mansion now she doth inherit,
Which Christ made ready ere she went above.

Gone home! Gone home! The door through which she vanished
Closed with a jar, and left us here alone.
We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished,
Longing to follow where one loved has gone.

Gone home Gone home! Oh! shall we ever reach her,
See her again, and know her for our own?
Will she conduct us to the heavenly Teacher,
And bow beside us, low before His throne?

Gone home! Gone home! O human-hearted Saviour!
Give us a balm to soothe our heavy woe;
And if Thou wilt, in tender, pitying favor,
Hasten the time when we may rise and go!

FUNERAL HYMN.

COME forth! come on, with solemn song:
The road is short, the rest is long.
The Lord brought here, He calls away
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest.
Good-night! the day was sultry here
In toil and fear;
Good-night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in.
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ hath for His people won.

Now open to us gates of peace!
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease;
Ye quiet slumberers, make room
In your still home
For the new stranger who has come!

How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!

Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care.
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

Jesus, Thou reignest, Lord, alone;
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own.
Come quickly, Lord! return again!
Amen! Amen!
Thine seal us ever, now and then!

WE ARE THE LORD'S.

WE are the Lord's. His, earthly life and spirit!
We are the Lord's, who once for all men died!
We are the Lord's, and shall all things inherit!
We are the Lord's, who wins us all beside!

We are the Lord's! So in most holy living,
Glad let us, body, soul, be His alone;
And heart and mouth, and act join, witness giving
That it is surely true: we are His own!

We are the Lord's! So in the dark vale gleaming,
One star dispels our fear, and keeping ward,

Doth light our way with sweet unchangeful beaming:
It is the precious Word. We're thine, O Lord!

We are the Lord's! So will He on the morrow
Watch our last pang, when other help rewards
No pain, and Death brings not a touch of sorrow.
This Word's for ever true: we are the Lord's.

EUTHANASY.

WE need no change of sphere
To view the heavenly sights, or hear
The songs which angels sing. The hand
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs ere while,
Giving them light, a world of beauty, and the friendly smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the better land.

We need no wings
To soar aloft to realms of higher things
But only feet which walk the paths of peace,
Guided by Him whose voice
Greets every ear, makes every heart rejoice,
Saying, Arise, and walk where sorrows cease.

Visiting spirits are near;
They are not wholly silent, but we can not hear
Nor understand their speech.
Our Saviour caught His Father's word,
And men of old, dreaming and walking, heard
The breathings of a world we can not reach.

They mounted to the skies,
And read deep mysteries.
While yet on earth, they placed a ladder there
Like Jacob's, that each round should lead,
By prayer outspoken, in a word or deed,
The soul to heights of clearer, purer air.

They saw no messenger of gloom
In him whom we call Death, nor met their doom
As prisoner his sentence; but naturally, as bud
unfolds to flower,
As child to man, so man to angel—
They recognizing death the glad evangel,
Leading to higher scenes of life and power.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

FAINT and worn and aged
One stands knocking at a gate
Though no light shines in the casement,
Knocking though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blessed angels wonder
At his earnest will.
Hope and fear but quicken
While the shadows thicken:
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock:
Yet within the unseen Porter
Hearkens to the knock.
Doing and undoing,
Faint and yet pursuing,
This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing,
Knocketh, prayeth he:
"Lord, have mercy on me
When I cry to Thee."
With a knock unceasing,
And a cry increasing:
"O my Lord! remember me."

Still the Porter standeth,
Love-constrained He standeth near,
While the cry increaseth
Of that love and fear:
"Jesus, look upon me—
Christ, hast Thou foregone me?—
If I must, I perish here."

Faint the knocking ceases,
Faint the cry and call:
Is he lost indeed for ever,
Shut without the wall?
Mighty Arms surround him,
Arms that sought and found him,
Held, withheld, and bore through all.

O celestial mansion!
Open wide the door:

Crown and robes of whiteness,
Stone inscribed before,
Flocking angels bear them;
Stretch thy hand and wear them;
Sit thou down for evermore.

"*BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.*"

THE time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain.
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

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THE

SHADOW OF THE ROCK,

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

ANSON D. F. RANDOPLH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

T. O. JENKINS, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER,

20 NORTH WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

CONSIDER.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair;
What profits all this care
And all this toil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks
God gives them food;
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

ROSSETTI.

The Poems contained in this Volume have been selected from many sources, and, so far as known, the names of the authors appended. The publisher has designed it as a companion-book to The Changed Cross, which has proved so acceptable to a large class of Christian readers.

THE

SHADOW OF THE ROCK

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

THE Shadow of the Rock!
Stay, Pilgrim, stay!
Night treads upon the heels of day;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
All come alone;

All, ever since the sun hath shone,
Who traveled by this road have come alone.
Be of good cheer—
A home is here—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Night veils the land;
How the palms whisper as they stand!
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Abide! Abide!
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
'Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
To angels' eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one shade,
O'er thousands laid—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
To weary feet,
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.
O weary, rest!
Thou art sore pressed—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Thy bed is made;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.

They who rest here
Wake with Heaven near—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
Pilgrim! sleep sound;
In night's swift hours with silent bound,
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
Gaining more way
By night than day—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!
One day of pain,
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain
And only wake
In Heaven's daybreak—
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

FABER.

NIGHT SONG.

HEART, be still!
In the darkness of thy woe,
Bow thee silently and low;
Comes to thee whate'er God will;—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!
Vainly all thy words are spoken;
Till the Word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries—good or ill—
Be thou still!

Sleep thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,
Wait thou yet before His face,
He'll thy sure deliverance will;
Keep thou still!

Lord my God!
By thy grace, O may I be
All-submission, silently,
To the chastenings of thy rod;
Lord my God!

Shepherd, King!
From thy fullness, grant to me
Still, yet fearless faith in Thee,
Till, from night the day shall spring!
Shepherd, King!

FROM THE GERMAN.

UPWARD!

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul!

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair!
Far from pain, and sin, and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving—
That must be the home of homes!

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords and King of kings!

Son of man, they crown, they crown Him!
Son of God, they own, they own Him!
With His name the palace rings!

Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet!
Poor the praise that now we render;
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His Throne we meet!

BONAR.

HE KNOWETH ALL.

THE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows!

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all!

HOMEWARDS!

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;

Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home;
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come;
O loved and longed for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river—
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and Heavenly Guide;
Even Him who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died;
O Helmsman, true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swoll'n and rushing river.

To the resurrection-land;
Where the living, live for ever,
And the dead have joined the band;
O fair and blessed land!

BONAR.

THE LOVING CUP.

COME, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,
Pale children of a King;
No poison mingles in the draught,
So, while ye suffer, sing.
'Tis Love's own Life hath won it us,
Christ's lip hath pressed the brim,—
Come, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,
In fellowship with Him!

O shun not thou the Loving Cup,
Nor tremble at its hue;
There is no bitter in the bowl,
But Jesus drank it, too.
He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,
Yea, every woe is weighed;
And not a cross He bids thee bear,
But once on Him was laid.

Come, drink thou of the Loving Cup!
Thou wouldst not pass it by?
'Tis kept for every chosen one
Of God's dear family:

Nor, unbelieving, turn aside;
The Lord the cup bestows;
And O His face, above thee bent,
With love and pity glows!

Those hands, once bleeding on the Cross,
Are now outstretched to bless;
He draws thee closer to His heart
For that draught's bitterness;
He hears thy faintly-sobbing breath,
He marks each quivering limb;
He drank a cup for thee alone—
Child! drink it now with Him.

Let earth bring forth her bitter herbs,
Soon all their power shall cease;
Come tribulation if it will,
With Christ's abiding Peace.
I take the cup—the Loving Cup,
Thrice blessèd shall it be;
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,
Thy Blood hath bought for me!

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace—
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray—
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me!

When the full light of Heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast wash'd them all away;
Oh, say, Thou plead'st for me!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen,
More desolate Thy way;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light.
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's Cross that day.
O Lamb of God, that takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us!

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.

Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease.
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

THE Apostle slept; a light shone in the prison;
An angel touched his side;
"Arise," he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In Nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations and from life's distresses
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of Heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly;
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The new Jerusalem!

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying, as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long-waited-for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

JAMES I. BURNS

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The brightest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul wash'd white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary, day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and Heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

UNDERTAKE FOR ME!

AS those that watch for the day,
Through the restless night of pain,
When the first faint streaks of gray
Bring rest and ease again—
As they turn their sleepless eyes
The Eastern sky to see,
Long hours before sunrise—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day,
Through the long, long night of grief,
When the soul can only pray
That the day may bring relief,—
When the eyes, with weeping spent,
No dawn of hope can see,
But the heart keeps watch intent,—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day,
Through that deepest night of all,
When trembling, and sin have sway,
And the shades of Thy absence fall;
As they search through clouds of fear
The Morning Star to see,
And the Light of Life appear—
So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day,
And know that the day will rise,
Though the weary hours delay,
As they pass under midnight skies;
Though the Sun of Righteousness
Only Faith's eye can see,
Because Thou hast promised to bless—
Lord Jesus, I wait for Thee!

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,

To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

Round Table

THE ANSWER.

"WHO would not go"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessèd portal,
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the we
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since, sometimes through the distant pearly por tal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:
"Eye hath not seen"—no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command—
His opening hand!

Oh, dear ones there!
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, ere long, your blesséd home to share;
We take the guiding Hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,
That land so fair!

J. H. T., IN THE *Round Table.*

LORD, ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?

WHETHER there many be, or few,
Elect the heavenly goal to win,
Truly, I know not—this I know—
That none who march with footsteps slow,
That none who fight with hearts untrue,
That none who serve with service cold,
The Eternal City can behold,
Or enter in.

Whether there many be who thrive
In their vast suit for that vast love,
Truly, I know not—this I know—
That love lives not in outward show;
That but to seek is not to strive;
That thankless praises, empty prayers,
Can claim no bond, for will of theirs
His court to move.

How long the door, unfastened now,
Shall open by His grace remain,
Truly, I know not—this I know—
If once that grace aside He throw,
No tear, no sigh, no anguished vow,
Gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands,
Shall draw the bolts and loose the bands
Ever again.

How long His wrath may yet forbear,
And sheathe His sword, and hide His rod,
Truly, I know not—this I know—
He points the arrows of His bow,
While speed apace that night of fear,
Of debt unpaid, of work undone,
Where Mercy, Pardon, Hope is none,
Laid up with God!

From Morning Thoughts.

LORD, THOU ART MINE!

LORD, Thou art mine,
Send help to me!
Christ, I am Thine,
Deliver me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

Mercies are Thine,
Remember me!
Sad sins are mine,
Oh, pardon me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

Goodness is Thine,
Lord, pity me!
Evil is mine,
Forsake not me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

All light is Thine,
Oh, shine on me!
Darkness is mine,
Enlighten me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

True life is Thine,
Breathe it on me!
All death is mine,
Oh, quicken me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

BONAR.

WE STOOD BESIDE THE RIVER.

WE stood beside the river,
Whence all our souls must go,
Bearing a loved one in our arms,
Our hearts repeating the alarms
That came across the river;
And saw the sun decline in mist,
That rose until her brow it kissed,
And left it cold as snow.

Watching beside the river,
With every ebb and flow,
Fond hopes within our hearts would spring,
Until another warning ring
Came o'er the fearful river.
We saw the flush, the brightness fade,
The loving lips look grieved and sad,
The white hands whiter grow.

Watching by the river,
With anguish none can tell·

And trembling hearts and hands, we strove
To save the darling of our love
From going down the river!
Oh, powerless, but to weep and pray,
And grieve for one who, far away,
Had said his last farewell!

Weeping by the river,
There came a blessèd time,
A solemn calm spread all around,
Making it seem like holy ground,
Beside the silent river!
The world receding from our eyes,
Caught gleams of that dear land which lies
In Canaan's happy clime!

And there, beside the river,
Came lessons strange and sweet,
The perfect work of patience done,
The warfare finished, victory won
With weak hands by the river!
The childlike fear, the clinging love,
The darkness brightened from above,
The peace at Jesus' feet!

Waiting by the river,
Through mingled night and day,
Sweet memories round our hearts we bring,
Of Jesus' love and Heaven we sing,

To soothe her by the river;
And wept for one whose heart would break,
Be pitiful for Jesus' sake.
Father in heaven, we pray!

Standing by the river,
We closed the weary eyes,
In Jesus' arms we laid her down,
A lovely jewel for His crown.
He bore her through the river,
And clothed her in a robe so white,
Too beautiful for mortal sight,
And took her to the skies!

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore;
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come,
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home!

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife:
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;

But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon
be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the
door!

Methinks I hear the voices of the blesséd as they
stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land:
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shin-
ing throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered
long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer
won,
How lovingly they'll hail me, when all my toil is
done!

With them the blesséd angels that know no grief
or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time and way
are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid
me rest!

GUTHRIE.

LEAVE GOD TO ORDER ALL THY WAYS.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail—
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own!

He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred.
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face:
'Tis easy to our God most high
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still of Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught!

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed!

GEORGE NEUMARK.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION ALSO.

"WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy.
Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

"In this dull stone so poor, and bare
Of shape or luster, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare!
But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

"This leaf! This stone! It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart;
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before Thy dear Lord's feet!"

Romans v. 3.

HYMN.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean
Help me, throughout Life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee!

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee!

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at Death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal;
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

"COME UNTO ME!"

ART thou weary? Art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer—Yes!"

From St. Stephen the Sabaite.

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight,
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day;
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on His naked breast
A single cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And, gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source Divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That, to be victors, they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Become a hallowed spot.

The spot where joy of flowers and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze of God!

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE

AN INVITATION.

COME to Jesus! Are you lonely?
Solace sweet He will afford.
Lean on Jesus—Jesus only!
Come, and find a loving Lord!

Are your trials past the telling?
Are your sins as crimson dye?
Jesus sees your sad heart swelling,
'Neath accusing Memory.

He is waiting—will you leave Him
Pleading at your heart in vain?
He is willing—oh, believe Him!
He may never call again.

He hath never yet forsaken
One who trusts alone in God;
He your life-long debt hath taken,
And hath paid it with His Blood.

From your sins He waits to cleanse you—
You! the slave by Satan bound;
Messages of love He sends you—
Where can such a Friend be found?

Are you sick? His word can heal you.
Are you weary with the strife?
Are you hungry? He can fill you
With the Heavenly Bread of Life!

Now! it is the time to try it:
Test Him by His written Word;
Come, for He will ne'er deny it;
Come to Christ, the Risen Lord!

Do you fear His sharp reproving
That you did not go before;
That you left Him—so unloving—
Waiting long time at your door?

He will only smile and greet you,
Chasing shadows from your brow;
He will surely run to meet you,
Saying, "Thou art welcome now!"

By still waters He will lead you,
In green pastures you shall rest;
And the piercéd hands that freed you,
Bear you on His tender breast.

Come, oh, come, this day, and try it!
Jesus' words are proved and true;
Take His gift, you cannot buy it—
He hath waited long for you.

ANNA SHIPTON.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

THOU, Lord, my path shalt choose,
And my Guide be!
What shall I fear to lose
While I have Thee?
This be my portion blest,
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

Shall, I then, choose my way?
Never, oh, no!
I, a creature of a day,
What can I know?
What dread perplexity,
Then would encompass me;
Now I can look to Thee,
Thou orderest so!

This lightens every cross,
Cheers every ill;

Suffer I grief or loss,
It is Thy will!
Who can make no mistake,
Chooseth the way I take;
He who can ne'er forsake,
Holds my hand still!

Sweet words of peace and love
Christ whispers me!
Bearing my soul above
Life's troubled sea!
This be my portion blest,
On my Redeemer's breast
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

Christ died my love to win,
Christ is my tower!
He will be with me in
Each trying hour!
He makes the wounded whole,
He will my heart console,
He will uphold my soul
By His own power!

To Thee, the only Wise,
Whatever be,
I will lift up mine eyes
Joyful in Thee!

This be my portion blest,
On my Redeemer's breast
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

From the German.

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

AND whither came these goodly stones
'Twas Israel's pride to raise;
The glory of the former house,
The joy of ancient days;
In purity and strength erect,
In radiant splendor bright,
Sparkling with golden beams of noon,
Or silver smiles of night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns
Each noble slab was brought,
In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn,
And on its mountains wrought;
There rung the hammer's heavy stroke
Among the echoing rocks;
There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge,
The rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete,
Each fitted to its place,

For lofty coping, massive walls,
Or deep imbedded base—
They bore them o'er the waves that rolled
Their billowy swell between
The shores of Tyre's imperial pride,
And Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on,
Through days, and months, and years,
Beneath the Summer's laughing sun,
And Winter's frozen tears.
And thus in majesty sublime
And noiseless pomp it rose—
Fit dwelling for the God of peace!
A temple of repose.

Brethren in Christ, to holier things
The simple type apply;
Our God himself a temple builds,
Eternal, and on high,
Of ransomed souls; their Zion there—
That world of light and bliss—
Their Lebanon, the place of toil,
Of previous moulding—this!

From Nature's quarries, deep and dark,
With gracious aim He hews
The stones, the spiritual stones,
It pleaseth Him to choose.

Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first,
Yet destined each to shine—
Moulded beneath His patient hand—
In purity divine.

Oh, glorious process! see the proud
Grow lowly, gentle, meek;
See floods of unaccustomed tears
Gush down the hardened cheek:
Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke
O'erthrew some idol fond;
Perchance the chisel rent in twain
Some precious, tender bond.

Behold, he prays! Whose lips were sealed
In quiet scorn before,
Sighs for the closet's holy calm,
And hails the welcome door.
Behold, he works for Jesus now,
Whose days went idly past;
Oh, for more mouldings of the Hand
That works a change so vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone,
A saint of God matured.
What chiselings that heart had felt!
What chastening strokes endured!

But marked ye not that last soft touch
What perfect grace it gave,
Ere Jesus bore His servant home
Across the darksome wave?

Home to the place His grace designed
That chosen soul to fill,
In the bright temple of the saved,
Upon His holy hill.
Home to the noiselessness, the peace
Of those sweet shrines above,
Whose stones shall never be displaced—
Set in redeeming love.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us,
Each blemish wash away;
Cleanse us with purifying blood,
In spotless robes array;
And thus, Thine image on us stamped,
Transport us to the shore
Where not a stroke is ever felt,
For none is needed more.

ONLY OUR LOVE

TO do Thy holy will;
To bear Thy cross;
To trust Thy mercy still,
In pain or loss;

Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
Who hast done everything
For me!

For Thy belovéd Son
And precious Word;
For all Thy goodness done
On earth, O Lord!
For leave that I may live,—
Blest boon of Thine,—
What recompense can give
This heart of mine?

What, for Thy glorious earth,—
Thy stars and flowers?
What, for Thy seasons' birth,
Kind Lord of ours?
What, for the gentle ones
Whose lives I share?
For home, and the kindly tones
Love whispers there?

Thou, Who enthroned above
Dost hear our call,
Oh, can our faithful love
Pay Thee for all?

Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
Who hast done everything
For me!

GEORGE COOPER.

IN THE CLOSET.

THE air is stirred with holy life,
All earthly thoughts take wing;
Hushed be the tumult of my heart,
I hear the angels sing.

Yes! o'er my bowed and weeping head,
I feel their waving wings,
While mercy-drops are falling round,
Drops from the heavenly springs.

And softly from the holy haze
Falls forth the word of cheer:
"Speak, troubled soul, what is thy need?
Jesus Himself is here!"

"My Lord and God!" my soul replies,
"I hear Thy gracious call;
No need have I, since Thou art here,
Thou art my all in all!

"Oh, let me ever here repose
Upon Thy soothing breast;
For now I know how blissfully
Thy weary ones find rest!"

D. B. D.

IN SUFFERING

FATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done;
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son;
So in His name I pray.
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek—
Oh, take this cup away!

If such be not Thy sov'reign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
My wishes I resign;
Unto Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!

No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
  When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
  And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love Divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

Well, He has fixed the happy day
  When the last tears will wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe all tears away,
  And fill us with Divine surprise
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace!

This is the Heaven I long to know;
  For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth and all below,
  I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

SWAIN.

IN THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud—
  A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
  May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm--
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely, and how sweet a pass,
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
  Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
  All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
  Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
  With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
  A dried and vanished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
  Our suffering life the dream.

H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHRIST RISEN.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
  Our hosts have dared and past the sea;
And Pharoah's warriors strew the shore,
  And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide-world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!
    Happy morrow,
    Turning sorrow
      Into peace and mirth!

Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guard's securing;
Watch his earthly prison,
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen!

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep
And every grave becomes a bed.
Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise:
Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin:
For Christ hath won, and men shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high:
It is not sadness, peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die:
To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go:
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us,
He will guide us through;
Christ hath gone before us;
Christians! follow you!

JOHN MASON NEALE.

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*GLORY DWELLETH IN IMMANUEL'S LAND.**

I.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The Summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn, awakes!

* Samuel Rutherford, a man of great learning and talents, was first a Professor in the University of Edinburgh, then minister of the parish of Anworth, and subsequently Professor of Theology at St. Andrew's, in Scotland. At one time he was imprisoned for the name of Jesus. His death-bed was as remarkable as his life had been. Some of his dying expressions are preserved by Mr. Fleming in his *Fulfilling of Scripture*, who thus concludes his narrative: "And thus, full of the Spirit, yea, as it were, overcome with sensible enjoyment, he breathed out his soul, his last words being: 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!'"

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

II.

Oh, well it is for ever!
Oh, well for evermore!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore.
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

III.

There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume:
Oh, to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

IV.

The King there, in His beauty
Without a vail, is seen:

It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

v.

Oh, Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

vi.

E'en Anworth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

VII.

But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerusalem,
Like to the one above—
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand;
"Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land."

VIII.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew:
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scanned—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

IX.

The little birds at Anworth
I used to count them blest—
Now, beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand;
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

X.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh, if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land.

XI.

I've wrestled on toward Heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide:
Now, like a weary traveler,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

XII.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp:
Now, these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
Oh, to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

XIII.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love:
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

XIV.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert's brier
Break into Eden's rose;
The curse shall change to blessing—
The name on earth that's banned,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.

XV.

Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine!"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

XVI.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then—then for glory dwelling.
In Immanuel's land.

XVII.

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

XVIII.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice-blessed name:
Where God's seal set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

SURELY I COME QUICKLY.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch, and pray,—
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee!
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see.
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me!

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, oh, when shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine!
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine!

Heaven is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land!

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour—
O my Saviour, quickly come!

"*HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.*"

THE winds blow fierce across the barren wild;
The storm-clouds gather darkly on our way;
'Tis cold! But, oh, that loving face and mild,
Which goes before! *there* first the shadows stay;
And tempests reach Him first, our Shepherd there:
What He endures shall we complain to bear?

The night comes on—'tis dark! the stars are dim,
We cannot see the way! But, oh, that form
Which goes before! the night comes *first* to Him;
And darkness first is His,—as was the storm!
Shall we shrink back, or tremble to go on,
Where He, our Shepherd, first for us hath gone?

The way is rough, and wearying steeps arise;
And thorns are there to wound our aching feet.
But, oh, those sacred footsteps, firm and wise,
Which go before! they first the roughness meet,

And briers reach them first! Oh, shall we dread
To bear *His* cross—to walk where *He* hath led?

The stream is reached;—the river dark and cold;
The waves are high! But, oh, that mighty One,
Who goes before!—the billows o'er *Him* rolled;
He crossed the waters first, and shall we shun
The final anguish which our Shepherd bore?
His hand shall guide us to the other shore!

He goes *before!* And so we may not look
Backward at all, but onward evermore;
Keeping in sight the blesséd path He took,
Patient to bear each cross He meekly bore;
Trusting His wisdom in the darkest hour;
O'ercoming every trial through His power!

He goes before! a shield against the storm:
A shadow in the noon-day,—lights at night;
In danger's hour, there is the Shepherd's form
But just beyond; though fears may dim our sight,
Oh, earthly flock, fear not forevermore!
Where'er we walk, our Shepherd "goes before."

J. H. T.

HIS NAME.

O WONDERFUL! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and hum, like star and flower.

Those marvelous rays that at Thy will,
From the closed Heaven which is so chill,
So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of lights, from Thy deep heart,
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!

O Counselor! four thousand years,
One question, tremulous with tears,
One awful question, vexed our peers.

They ask'd the vault, but no one spoke;
They ask'd the depth, no answer woke;
They ask'd their hearts, that only broke.

They look'd, and sometimes on the height
Far off they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but look'd like light.

The secret of the years is read,
The' enigma of the quick and dead
By the child-voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God!
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seemed to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace! crown'd, yet discrown'd,
They say no war nor battle's sound
Was heard the tired world around;

They say the hour that Thou didst come,
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark,
Its poor adventure seems a bark,
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark,

Thou who art Wonderful dost fling
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing
The canvas is a snowy thing,—

Till the dark boat is turn'd to gold,
The sunlit-silver'd ocean rolled
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray
From the boat slanting all the way,
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm
Around our hearts, and dimly form
Their problems of the mist and storm;

And still as ages fleet, but fraught
With syllables, whereby is wrought
The fullness of the Eternal thought;

And when not yet in God's sunshine,
The smoke drifts from the embattled line
Of warning hearts that would be Thine!

We bid our doubts and passions cease,
Our restless fears be still'd with these—
Counselor, Father, Prince of Peace!

REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wander'd from Thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gatners. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wander'd far—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts
thicken :
O Thou, dear Shepherd ! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night ; our tardy footsteps quicken,
At evening bring us home.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

[Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."]

"*Behold, I stand at the door and knock !*"

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking !
Who is there ?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before ;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No ! that door is hard to open ;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken ;
Bid Him go.
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary
Scare the sleep from one so weary ?
Say Him—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking ?
What ! Still there ?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crownéd hair ;

And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! Open! Once behold Him—
Him, so fair!

Ah, that door! Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogg'd and dusty;
Many-finger'd ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years, and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What? Still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest:
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dream'd of pleasure—
Dream'd of gifts and golden treasure—
Dream'd of jewels in thy keeping,

Waked to weariness of weeping ;--
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming !

Did she open ? Doth she ? Will she ?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Press'd upon your soul and mine ;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange mysterious door ;—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten ;—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.

H. BEECHER STOWE.

JACOB'S LADDER.

AH ! many a time we look on starlit-nights
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old ;
Look longing up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lives of gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the Angels walk abroad,
And never more we hear, with awful joy,
The' audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,
And Angel visitants still come and go;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are surely Faith's outspreading wings—
Prayers of the Church, aye keeping time and tryst—
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flower the Eucharist.

Spirits elect, through suffering render'd meet
For those high mansions—from the nursery-door
Bright babes that seem to climb with clay-cold feet,
Up to the Golden Floor—

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to Heaven, that faith alone may scan;
These are the Angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of Man!

W. ALEXANDER.

MARAH.

GOD sends us bitter, that the sweet,
By absence known, may sweeter prove;
As dark for light, as cold for heat,
Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, as to show
He can both sweet and bitter send;
That both the might and love we know
Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
We wreathe around our heads the rose,
And count our right, what Heaven each day
As alms bestows.

God sends us bitter, lest we fail
That bitterest Grief aright to prize
Which did for all the world avail
In His own eyes.

God sends us bitter, all our sins
Embittering; yet so kindly sends,
The path that bitterness begins
In sweetness ends.

He sends us bitter, that Heaven's sweet,
Earth's bitter o'er, may sweeter taste;
As Canaan's ground to Israel's feet,
For that great waste.

Our passions murmur and rebel,
But Faith cries out unto the Lord,
And prayer by patience worketh well
Its own reward.

For, if our heart the lesson draws
Aright, by bitter chastening taught,
To keep His statutes and His laws
Even as we ought,

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had seal'd)
The sweetness of Life's heavenly Tree,
And grief is heal'd.

And lo! before us in the way
We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I DO not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but Peace Divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

A. A. PROCTOR.

"EVEN AS THOU WILT."

"HAVE mercy on me, Lord!"
She followed Him, and cried; and when there came
No answer, follow'd, crying still the same,—
"Have mercy on me, Lord!"

"Send her away," they said—
They who should be dispensers of His grace,
Would have Him turn from her who sought His face:
"Send her away," they said.

He spoke their thought aloud—
"It is not meet to take the children's bread
And cast it to the dogs"—as if He said,
"How poor ye are and proud."

"Yea, Lord! and yet the dogs
Eat of the crumbs that from the children fall,"
She pleaded—"and there is enough for all—
For children and for dogs."

And He to her replied,
"Even as Thou wilt, so be it unto Thee.
Thy heart the measure of the grace shall be
From my rich store supplied."

She had the thing she would—
Lord! if I dip my cup into the sea,
It rises full. Such cup each soul may be,
Such Ocean is Thy good! C.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified:

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness, where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Thro' their green gates the sunshine showed;
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled:
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father! let Thy light break through!

So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

And, in Thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

POOR trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thine inmost heart;
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou know'st not what—perchance may never know—
Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this, who bids thee wait?
Behold, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive;
More bless'd are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead;
I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.
And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me!"
In light or darkness seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

Church Journal.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun,—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone;

So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring I have sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

BONAR.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;

The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut:
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to *that* home, from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

THE WAYSIDE WATCHER.

"ALL the day you sit here idle,
And the Master at the door!
The fields are white to harvest,
And our labor almost o'er.
You are dreaming, you are dreaming!
Time is gliding fast away;

See! the eventide is waning,
Soon shall break eternal day."

"Brother, my hand is feeble,
My strength is well-nigh spent:
I saw you all at noon-day,
And I marked the way ye went
I cried, 'God's blessing on them,
What a favored band they be!
But I'll watch upon the highway,
God may find a work for me.'"

"Yet you tarry, yet you tarry,"
Said the laborer again,
"You may idle on the highway,
And wait all day in vain.
'Tis easy labor 'waiting;'
On the dusty road we tread
To toil within the vineyard:
Go out and work instead."

The watcher smiled and answered,
"My brother, is it so?
Who waiteth on the Master,
The Master's will shall know.
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,
I have learnt it not too late,
There is service for the feeblest
That only stand and wait."

I sat me by the hedge-row,
No burden could I bear,
But I often thought, how blessèd
In the field to have a share!
The loving Master whispered,
Through the often lonely day,
"Still wait on Me, thou weak one,
The lame shall take the prey."

Not long I tarried watching:
A wayfarer drew nigh,
He was weary, sad, and hungry,
For the glowing sun was high.
His foot lagged faint and fainter,
His eyes were downward cast;
That laborer by my lattice
At early morn had passed.

I drew him 'neath the trellis
Of the vine's inviting shade,
Down by the soft green pasture
Our Shepherd's love hath made.
I fetched him from the streamlet
Fresh water for his feet,
I spread the bread before him,
And bade him rest and eat.

He bathed in the bright fountain,
And then, refreshed and strong,

He journeyed on rejoicing:
You could hear his happy song.
Where, on the dusty wayside,
The traveler had been,
Stood One, in heavenly beauty,
With more than regal mien.

"I thank thee," said the Stranger,
"For all thy cares afford,
For rest, and food, and welcome,
Beside thy simple board."
"Nay, Lord," I said, "what succor
Have I bestowed on Thee?"
"Thy service to my servant
Hath all been done to Me."

Oh, it was well worth watching,
A Summer's day alone;
Well worth the weary waiting,
To hear His sweet "Well done!"
Is it too small a matter,
That in man's foolish pride
He scorns one heart to gladden
For which the Saviour died?

Oh, ever blessèd Master!
The harvest-field is fair,
And Thou hast better servants,
Than Thy weak one, everywhere.

Thou never hast forsaken
One waiting by the way;
Still meet me with a promise,
That the lame shall take the prey.

From the tangled thicket near me
I heard a mournful cry;
A little child had wandered
From the sunny path hard by:
His hands were torn with briers,
His hot tears fell like rain;
And he wept, lest he should never
See his father's face again.

Close to my heart I drew him,
And pointed to the sky;
I showed him how the dark clouds
So slowly sailing by,
But veiled the bright sun's radiance
From valley and from hill;
For the faithful sun was shining
In all his glory still!

He ceased to weep, and listened;
I soothed his childish woe;
Then on the way I led him,
And soon beheld him go

Back through the green fields singing:
Sweet was the joyful sound,
That told the father's welcome,
And the little wanderer found!

Then on the highway, near me,
I saw the Stranger stand—
Stranger no more! He guided
The fair child by the hand.
"I thank thee," said He softly,
"Thou hast not watched in vain;
Behold my child returnéd
Safe to my arms again."

What grace is Thine, O Master!
For work so poor and scant;
How glorious is the guerdon
My loving Lord doth grant!
I only saw a nursling
Was wandering astray:
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing
To wait for Thee one day!

Have ye known the shadows darken
On weary nights of pain,
And hours that seem to lengthen
Till the night comes round again?

The folded hands seem idle:
If folded at His word,
'Tis a holy service, trust me,
In obedience to the Lord.

Ye know the joy of labor
Within the busy field;
But there are deeper pleasures
A faithful heart may yield.
To willing ones that suffer,
And listen at His feet,
From the far-off land God giveth
The fruit of life to eat.

Brief is my hour of labor:
My Lord my lot hath cast;
He giveth royal wages
To the first-called as the last.
I have seen Him in His beauty,
While waiting here alone—
I know Him ever near me,
For He cannot leave His own.

None e'er shall lack a service,
Who only seek His will;
And He doth teach His children
To suffer and be still.

In love's deep fount of treasures
Such precious things are stored,
Laid up for you, O blessèd
That wait upon the Lord!

ANNA SHIPTON.

CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED.

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear:
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide. Thou canst not spare,
O Lord, Thy chastening rod!
O help me, Father! for my sinful heart
Back from this discipline of grief would start,
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,
Who died for me, my God!

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
Break but some link of that oppressive chain
Which binds us still to earth, and leaves a stain
Thou only canst remove—
Then am I blest—oh, bliss from man concealed!
If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

F. F.

ABOUNDING IN HOPE.

HOPE, Christian soul! in every stage
Of this, thine earthly pilgrimage,
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage--
Abound in hope.

Hope! though thy lot be want and woe,
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,
Thy Saviour's lot was such below—
Abound in hope.

Hope! for to all who meekly bear
His cross, He gives His crown to wear;
Abasement here is glory there—
Abound in hope.

Hope! though thy dear ones round thee die,
Behold with Faith's illumined eye
Their deathless home beyond the sky---
Abound in hope.

Hope! for upon that happy shore
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
And friends shall meet to part no more—
Abound in hope.

Hope through the watches of the night:
Hope till the morrow bring the light:
Hope till thy faith be lost in sight—
Abound in hope.

KENNEDY.

"HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But, oh, how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best!

We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways:
When shall we learn, O Lord! to sing
Through weary nights and days.

We praise Thee when our path is plain
And smooth beneath our feet;
But fain would learn to welcome pain,
And call the bitter sweet.

When rises first the blush of hope,
Our hearts begin to sing;
But surely not for this alone
Should we our gladness bring.

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
No weary toils and pains,
No watchings, and no bitterness,
That bring their blesséd gains?

That bring their blesséd gains full well,
In truer faith and love,
And patience sweet, and gentleness,
From our dear Home above!

Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read Thy way,—
That Thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.

Then every thorny crown of care
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow;

And every word of grief shall change
And wave a blesséd flower,
And lift its face beneath our feet
To bless us every hour;

And Sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee!

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

NEAREST AND DEAREST.

IT was the Sabbath's blesséd evening hour,
And the dusk stillness of the fire-lit room
Fell on the spirit with a soothing power,
A spell of holy calm unmixed with gloom.
The fire-light flickered upon steadfast eyes,
Brows where the Prince of Peace his seal had set,
And tremulous lips where echoes of the skies,
Most eloquent in silence, lingered yet.

At length the musing of one heart found way;
"Oh, it is bliss!" she said, "to join the throng
That fills God's temple on His holy day,
With the full harmony of sacred song.
Surely the soul draws nearest to Him there,
And bows with holiest awe before His throne;
Surely the highest bliss of faith and prayer
Is found within those sacred courts alone!"

"Nay," said another, "not *alone!* Our Lord
Dwells not in temples made with hands. He fills
The lone heights of the everlasting hills.
And dwells with all who tremble at His word!
And I have felt His blesséd presence more,
And owned with lowlier awe its hallowing sway

On the lone hill-side or the wave-washed shore,
Than even in His house of prayer to-day."

Then spake a third—"Oh, friends, full well I know
The joys ye speak of; but one dearer far
Comes to me often in the ceaseless flow
Of week-day cares, amid earth's din and jar,
When for a moment's breathing-time I pause,
Saying, 'O Master, bless,' and lo! the while,
He stands beside me, and my spirit draws
A heaven of rest, and gladness from His smile."

She ceased, and then one answered yet again—
"Yea, it is *always* bliss to feel Him near
In crowd, or solitude, or sacred fane,
But never is His presence half so dear
As when the storms of sorrow o'er us meet,
And we with bleeding heart and baffled will,
'Faint yet pursuing' struggle to His feet,
And lay our souls before Him, and are still."

Then all were silent, and my heart said, "Yea,
Thou hast well spoken, thou dost well to prize,
Higher than any bliss beneath the skies,
The faith that clings and trusts Him 'though He slay.'
This is the one note in the song of praise,
Rolling from all creation round the throne,

That only human hearts sore tried can raise,
And even they in this brief life alone." A.

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

WEEP not for her, for she hath crossed the river,
We almost saw *Him* meet her on the shore,
And lead her through the golden gates, where never
Sorrow or death can enter any more.

Weep not for her, that she hath reached before us
The safe, warm shelter of her long-loved home;
Weep not for her, she may be bending o'er us,
In quiet wonder when we too shall come.

Weep not for her; think how she may be kneeling
Gazing her fill upon the Master's face;
A loving, humble smile, but half revealing
The perfect peace she feels in *Mary's* place.

But weep for those round whom the fight is thronging,
Who still must buckle heavy armour on,
Who dare not pray for rest, though sore their longing,
Till all the weary working day be done.

And pray for them, that they, though sad and lonely,
May still with patience bear the cross *He* sends,
And learn that tears, and wounds, and losses, only
Make peace the sweeter when the warfare ends.

B.

AN OPEN DOOR.

OH, never say that the door is shut
To any watcher weary of sin!
Thou knowest who said, and who says it still,
"Ye weary and troubled to rest come in."
We may stand without till He says, "Too late,"
But God's is *never* a fast shut gate.

And though we have often refused to come,
And chosen to wander alone in the night,
He follows us home, and at *our* shut door
He knocks, and offers us love and light;
And He says to each, "Thou rebellious child,
I beseech thee this night to be reconciled!"

And we answer, "O Christ! it is cold and dark,
And I long to be warm, and safe, and free,
But Satan has bound me and locked the door,
And he holds me back when I touch the key
He told me once that my home was bright,
But now I feel it is always night."

And we hear a Voice, though the door is shut,
We can catch the words though the wind is high,
As the Holy Spirit unlocks the door,
And Jesus enters and says, "'Tis I!"
And straightway our fetters broken fall,
And we know that our Saviour has done it all.

Then never say that his door is shut—
He loved us before we had heard his name;
He offered us pardon, and hope, and Heaven,
And if *we* refused it, is Christ to blame?
If in unbelief we shut the gate,
Can we say that Christ has made us wait?

And He knew we were cold and hungry too,
So He begged us to come, and be warmed, and fed,
But we passed, and knocked at another door,
And they gave us a stone when we asked for bread;
Yet we said, "No, Lord! we will keep our sin,
Though Thy door is wide, and there's joy within."

But He waited still, though we passed Him by;
And when all false lights had grown dim He came—
He made us willing to hear His voice,
And 'twas He that taught us to love His name;

And He brings a light that no shade can dim,
When He dwells in us, and we in Him. A. A.

"SORROWING YET ALWAYS REJOICING."

NO sorrow is unmingled here,
But still, in every bitter cup
Is found the sweet ingredient, hope;
Who deepest drinks shall find it there.

Shall find it when he needs it most;
For when the night doth darkest grow,
Darkness above, all dark below,
And faith and hope are all but lost,

How oft a gleam of glory sent
Straight through the deepest, darkest night,
Has filled the soul with heavenly light,
With holy peace and sweet content!

Content to wait the will of God,
To cast on Him the heavy load,
To walk with Him the weary road
With patience, leaning on the Lord.

Content to suffer and be still,
Without complaining bear the cross,

Endure the pain, accept the loss,
Of all earth's treasures, if God will.

Content to learn by suffering long,
In darkness still to keep the faith;
Still trusting what the Saviour saith,
That perfect weakness may be strong.

Content to follow where He trod,
The Man of griefs who came to lead,
Themselves, like Him, all perfected
Through suffering, many sons to God.

Yes! there was one, and only one,
Unmingled cup of bitterness;
But God, who pitied our distress,
Gave it to His beloved Son.

He drank it with the bitter cry,
"O Father! if it so may be,
I pray Thee let it pass from Me;
Yet be it as Thou wilt, not I."

Hadst thou, my soul, been there alone,
Thou couldst not, if, like Him oppressed,
That cup had to thy lips been pressed,
Have said with Him, "Thy will be done!"

Yet from that cup all sweetness flows,
All joy of life, all hope of heaven,
All grace and consolation given
To sufferers in a world of woes.

Yes! and to Him who drank that cup
In meek submission, though untold
Its agony; who can unfold
Its sweetness now, as lifted up

Far above powers of Earth or Heaven,
He sees the fruit His anguish bore;
He sees the world all dead before,
Live in the life He thus hath given?

And ever as the ages glide
His tide of joy shall onward roll,
Till He the travail of His soul
Shall see, and shall be satisfied.

So every bitter cup of woe
Shall yield a blessing at the last,
And when the bitterness is past,
With living sweetness overflow.

H. N. C.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

WAITING for Spring! The mother, watching lonely
By her sick child when all the night is dumb,
Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing only,
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring-days come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah, me, all nature tarries
As motionless and cold she lies asleep,
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,
Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom
Of those great woods; we want some light-green shoots;
We want the white and red acacia blossom,
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are watching
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing!
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
A herald of the beauty of his spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their anger
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still

Feel a far hope through all their strife and languor,
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting ever,
Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;
Look for the time when all these clouds shall sever,
See high above the cross a flowery crown.

Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye weary
Looking for better things, and grieving much!
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary;
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His touch.

It must be so—the man, the soul, the nation,
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,
Earth for all charms by light and color given,
The body for its robe of resurrection,
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our Heaven.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

WE wait for Thee, all glorious One!
We look for Thine appearing;
We bear Thy name, and on the throne
We see Thy presence cheering.
Faith even now
Uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that Thou our guilt hath borne
Upon Thy cross of trial.
And well may we
Submit with Thee
To bear the cross and love it,
Until Thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee; already Thou
Hast all our hearts' submission;
And though the spirit sees Thee now,
We long for open vision;
When ours shall be
Sweet rest with Thee
And pure, unfading pleasure,
And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope—
The time will soon be over;
With childish longing we look up
Thy glory to discover.
O bliss! to share
Thy triumph there,
When home, with joy and singing,
The Lord his saints is bringing.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HILLER.

TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor soul; while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;
His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone; be still,
And trust and rest.

Desire not; self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme, confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above,
So trust and rest.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

ONCE slow and sad the evening fell
On desert path, on lonely dell,
As, sad and desolate,
One laid him down to sleep alone,
His couch the sand, his pillow stone,
The morning-tide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight
A radiance more than morning light,
From opened portals given;
And on his charmed ear there rung
A sound more sweet than matin song—
The choral hymns of Heaven.

He saw the glory of that place,
Whose light is God the Saviour's face,
He saw its dwellers fair;
And learnt that— desolate, alone,
A wanderer from his Father's home,—
God's presence still was there.

So we (though often worn, oppressed,
We wander, seeking home and rest)
In sorrow's darkest hour
May see, as Jacob saw of old,
God's sunbeams bright and manifold,
The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,
Stands now God's house below;
But whensoe'er His radiance bright
Gleams on our darkness and 'tis light,
His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His Glory, fair
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer--
One ante-room of Heaven;
For surely, though we know it not,
God's presence is in every spot,
To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,
As those who see that opened gate—
That glory in our night;
So that at last, through Christ the way,
We, too, may tread that land of day,
Where God, the Lord, is light.

L. R.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

WHERE hast been toiling all day, sweet-heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine!—
I have sate on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around His feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweet-heart? Who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sate there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweet-heart? What didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend by thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and I cried
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee!
The servants were not thine!
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame,
See further than thine or mine.

The Voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet-heart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard,

It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed His poor,
And *not* lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grievéd sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet heart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat;
Who watered thy roses and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me!
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart!
Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet,
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of His own for thee!

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE WAKINGS."

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

IN the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
  Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
  Slants the moonlight's silver bars
In the silence and the darkness,
  Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
  Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
  And the mother's head drops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
  Deep beneath the winter's snow);
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
  Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
  Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
  Listen at the gates of life;
Hearing, faraway, the murmur
  Of the tumult and the strife:
We, who fight beneath those banners,
  Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
  In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
  Which to-day you watch from far,

When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies.
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

I.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

PAINTED BY HOLMAN HUNT.

IN the moonlight, when no murmur from the
haunts of men is heard,
And the river in its sleep flows onward, onward
to the sea,
And thou sleepest, who art drawing nearer to
Eternity,
In the silence and the stillness comes the Word.

And He knocketh at thy portal, but thou dreamest in the night
That the flitting bat is only striking softly 'gainst the door;
Shall He knock so oft who cometh from the Heaven's eternal shore?
Sleeper in the darkness, rise, behold thy Light!

'Tis thy Priest and Prophet, clad in jewelled robe white attire;
'Tis thy King, and on His brow He wears the thorny coronal,
Budding now with amaranthine leaves and flowers ambrosial,
In His face is speaking pity, silent ire.

For His glowing lamp discloseth, choking up thy dwelling door,
Deadly hemlock, barren darnel, prickly bramble, withered grasses,
And the ivy knits it closely to its stanchions and passes
Through the crevices, and hinges, and the floor.

Let Him in! for He will sojourn with the lowest and the least,
And forget that thou didst keep Him waiting in the dews and damp,

And for guerdon in the valley He will light thee
with His lamp
To the happy Shore Eternal and the Marriage
Feast.

B. A., *Brasenose College, Oxford.*

II.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LORD, Thou hast sought this wayward heart in
vain;
Choked by the world's vile weeds its portals
stand,
Closed to the touch of Thy redeeming Hand,
Which, knocking gently, would an entrance gain;
Oh, Love unspeakable! that Thou shouldst be
Patient amidst the night's chill falling dews,
While I Thy proffered fellowship refuse,
Slothful to rise and ope the door to Thee!
Long have I tarried, dreading yet to bear
The emblems of Thy suffering, thorns and cross;
Lost in idolatry of Mammon's dross,
And lured by pleasure's transitory glare;
Henceforth vouchsafe to shed Thy light within.
Illume my soul, and let these contrite tears
Blot out all record of my mis-spent years,
Dark with the sad remembrances of sin;
Then, in this purified, repentant breast,
Enter, and be for evermore my Guest!

W. R. WEALE.

HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on,
By paths we did not know,
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife—
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

HOLY GHOST DISPEL OUR SADNESS.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy Light!
Loving Spirit, God of Peace!
Great Distributor of grace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication!

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send!
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

Known to Thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses
Thy Omniscient Mind descries.
Holy Fountain! wash us clean
Both from error and from sin!
Make us fly what Thou refusest,
And delight in what Thou choosest!

Manifest Thy love forever;
  Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
  Guard and teach, support and guide!
Let Thy kind effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
  Show Thyself our new Creator,
  And conform us to Thy nature!

Be our Friend on each occasion,
  God! omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
  When we're buried, be our grave!
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies,
  Seat us with thy saints in glory,
  There forever to adore Thee!

FROM THE GERMAN BY TOPLADY.

ON AFFLICTION.

AS the harp-strings only render
  All their treasures of sweet sound—
All their music, glad or tender—
  Firmly struck and tightly bound:

So the hearts of Christians owe
  Each its deepest, sweetest strain,

To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain

Spices crushed their pungence yield;
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire:

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled.

ADAM, OF ST. VICTOR.

TRUST.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest:
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not need;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

ISAAC WILLIAMS

SUBMISSION.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He!
Know His love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand;
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand;
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway:
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it, for His sake;
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength

To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow!

S. D. CARTER

IS THIS ALL?

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke:
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest,
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
Oh, come and see!

Oh, come and see! oh, look, and look again!
All shall be right;
Oh, taste His love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night.
Oh, trust Him, trust Him in his grace and power,
Then all is bright!

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love!
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is; oh, take Him all,
And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on His; thy weary doubts
Forever cease.
Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,
Its rest and bliss.

Christ and His love shall be thy blessèd all
For evermore!
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
For evermore!
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
For evermore!

BONAR.

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.

AND He drew near and talked with them,
But they perceived Him not;
And mourned, unconscious of that light—
The gloom, the darkness, and the night,
That wrapt His burial spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed and sad,
They knew nor help, nor guide,
While He who bore the secret key
To open every mystery,
Unknown was by their side.

Thus often when we feel alone,
No help nor comfort near,
'Tis only that our eyes are dim;
Doubting and sad, we see not Him
Who waiteth still to hear.

"The darkness gathers overhead,
The morn will never come!"
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,
In the wide-flushing eastern skies
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs
In daily work and rest,

To those who seek Him, Christ is near,
Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,
In leaning on our breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,
To see our way, our Guide;
That by the path that here we tread,
We, following on, may still be led
In Thy light to abide. L. R.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

LORD, while the shadows of the past surveying—
And they are many since life's early morn:
Life's shadowy days have had a long delaying,
It matters not, since they are past and gone—
Are past and gone.

I find my steps are upward slowly tending,
That falls the glory of thy smile upon
The golden flights of steps to heaven ascending,
And I am journeying slowly toward the dawn—
Toward the dawn.

I find my future in this world of sorrows
Answers my prayers, and golden visions ope
Of providences in the bright to-morrows,
Fulfilling prayer; this is my only hope—
My only hope.

This pleasing hope my weary heart inspires,
For I have prayed, and in Thy Word 'tis writ,
That they who to give Thee their warm desires,
Shall walk the ways that they to Thee commit—
To Thee commit.

A PRAYER FOR YOU.

I HAVE a Saviour—He's pleading in glory—
So precious, though earthly enjoyments be few;
And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me;
But, oh, that my Saviour was your Saviour too!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Father—to me He has given
A hope for eternity, precious and true;
And soon will my spirit be with Him in heaven;
But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever,
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
But, oh, could I know one was purchased for you!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness—
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,

Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Rest—and the earnest is given—
Though now, for a time, 'tis concealed from my view;
This life everlasting, 'tis Jesus, 'tis heaven;
And, oh, dearest friend, let me meet you there too!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Peace, and it's calm as a river—
A peace that the friend of the world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
But, oh, could I know it was given to you!
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

For you I am praying—for you I am praying!
For you I am praying—for you, yes, for you!
And soon shall I hear you rejoicing and saying:
"Your dear, loving Saviour is my Saviour too!"
And prayer will be answered for you—yes, for you!

And when He has found you, tell others the story,
How Jesus extended His mercy to you;
Then point them away to the regions of glory,

And pray that your Saviour may bring them there too!
For prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

Oh, speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven;
That Harp, Crown, and Robe which are waiting for you!
That Peace you possess, and that Rest to be given!
Still praying that Jesus may save them like you;
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

Christian Witness.

HEAR MY CRY!

O STRONG to save and bless,
My rock and righteousness
Draw near to me!
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light
Are all with Thee!

My refuge and my rest,
As child on mother's breast,
I lean on Thee!
From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me!

Turn not away Thy face,
Withhold not needed grace,
My fortress be!
Perils are round and round,
Iniquities abound—
See, Saviour, see!

Come, God and Saviour, come!
I can no more be dumb;
Appeal I must
To Thee, the Gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone,
I sink in dust!

Oh, answer me, my God,
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true!
Thousands this grace have shared
Oh, let me *now* be heard,
Oh, love *me* too!

Descend, Thou mighty love,
Descend from heaven above,
Fill Thou this soul!
Heal every bruiséd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
And make me whole.

'Tis knowing Thee that heals;
'Tis seeing Thee that seals
Comfort and peace!
Show me Thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God,
Then troubles cease. BONAR.

FRUITLESS TOIL.

"LORD, I have toiled all night,
And still unbless'd my hand;
Yet I will launch into the deep
Once more at Thy command.

"I hear triumphant songs
Swell from the banks around,
Each answering each with joyful cry
But *I* no spoil have found.

"Fruitless is all my toil,
Through long night-watches past,
My heart is sick with hope deferred;
But Thou art come at last."

The fisher's hands hung down;
Dull was his heart, and faint,
When a heavenly voice the silence broke,
And answered his complaint.

"When have I left thee, son,
That thou shouldst droop with fear?
When hast thou sought my sympathy,
And hast not found Me near?

"Not fruitless is thy toil,
If thou my cross wouldst bear;
I do but ask thy willing heart
To grave my image there.

"For each net vainly cast
Stronger thine arm will prove;
The trial of thy patient hope
Is witness of Thy love.

"The time, the place, the way
Are open to mine eye;
I sent thee—not to gather spoil—
To labor patiently.

"My son! was not thy cry,
'Increase my faith, O Lord!
More of Thyself, and more like Thee
Behold, thy prayer is heard.

"Oh, trust Me with thy crown,
'Tis hidden safe with Me;
A little while, and where I am,
There shall my servant be.

"Bright seems thy brother's lot;
But, child, is *thine* so dim?
The King, thy Friend, hath asked of thee
To watch one hour with HIM!"

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore;
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air –
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead:
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling

To temples long clay-cold: to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor,
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings soar.
Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows for Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo! the white wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same;
Alike their features, and their robes of white;

But one was crowned with amaranth, as with
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'r He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er.
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

IS there no balm in Gilead, then? is there no
Healer nigh?
No freshening spring to cheer the waste so desolate and dry?
Hath Hope's dear vision vanished forever from thy sight,

And darkness fallen around thee, the very gloom
of night?
And seems thy soul forsaken, her every blessing
flown?
No soothing for her sorrow, and nowhere to make
her moan?
Yet stay; the cross thou bearest thus hath first
been borne for thee,
Jesus Himself did hang thereon, thy life and cure
to be.

For thine own ease He bare it all,—the scourge
and piercing thorn,
The nailing and the bruising, the denial, shame,
and scorn;
Darkness and desolation deep, and pangs beyond
thy thought,
And all for thy soul's healing these sad agonies
were wrought.
Upon His Cross He yearned for thee, for thee His
heartstrings brake;
Himself of all forsaken, He could not thee forsake;
Then evermore, when chastenings sore thine inmost
spirit wring,
Say, My Belov'd is crucified, and I to Him will cling.

How shall I sing Thy holy love, dear Passion of
my Lord?
Or how Thy mystic virtue shall I worthily record?

Thou art the spring of all our hope, the balsam
of our woes,
The solace of our yearnings, and the bower of
our repose,
True Paradise of all delights, since joy of grief
is born;
For, as the flowers but close at night to ope more
fresh with morn,
So He who wept and bled for us, and bowed in
earthly gloom,
Now makes those sorrows our bright bliss, those
wounds our joyous home.

Here is a covert from the storm, when winds and
waves arise,
A shadow in the scorching noon, a light in star-
less skies;
A staff upon the rugged road, a shield when foes
assail,
A charm Divine, against whose might no evil can
prevail;
For where the Cross of Jesus is, is peace, and
there alone.
And 'neath that banner of His love He gathereth
His own;
And those who will be Christ's must not e'er
grudge their portion small,
Who in His bitter chalice, once, and for thee,
drained it all.

Thou know'st He went not up to joy, but first
He suffered pain,
And all the self-same path must tread who thus
His bliss would gain:
Is aught too wearisome or hard for Jesus' sake to
bear?
While He is crowned with thorns wilt thou a
crown of roses wear?
Lo! this good Cross He offers thee; it is thy very
life;
Anoint with holy unction, it will aid thee in the
strife;
'Tis hallowed by thy Saviour's touch, who hung
on it for thee,
And Love's sweet night shall make it light, and
win the victory.

Draw near, thou reft and drooping heart, draw
near and lift thy gaze
To Him who yearns with outstretched arms thee
from thy grief to raise;
Draw near, and, clinging close beneath thy Sa-
viour's bleeding heart,
Tell o'er each throb of that deep woe in which
thou hast a part;
Tell o'er each drop of dear life-blood which ebbs
for thee so fast,
And all thy weary heart-aching upon that true
love cast:

In Jesus' Cross and Passion is the medicine of thy soul,
Yea, there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer to make thee whole.

C. SELLON.

CHRIST'S CALL TO THE SOUL.

FAIR soul, created in the primal hour,
Once pure and grand,
And for whose sake I left My throne and power
At God's right hand;
By this sad heart pierced through because I loved thee;
Let love and mercy to contrition move thee.

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,
Spirit divine!
Vain against thee the hosts of hell assailing,
My strength is thine!
Drink from My side the cup of life immortal,
And love shall lead the path to heaven's portal.

I for thy sake was pierced with many sorrows,
And bore the cross,
Yet heeded not the galling of the arrows,
The shame and loss.
So faint not, then, whate'er the burden be,
But bear it bravely, even to Calvary.

Savanarola.

THEIR NAMES.

SWEET thought, my God! that on the palms
Of Thy most holy hands
Are graven all Thy peoples' names,
Though countless as the sands.

Not one too mean to have his place
Amid that record blest,
And if but there our names are found,
We'll share the heavenly rest.

How can we then yield to distrust,
Or think we are forgot,
While ever thus the care of One
Who loves and changes not? M. C.

TWO.

TWO buds plucked from the tree,
Two birdies flown from the nest,
Two little darlings snatched
From a fond mother's breast.
Two little snow-white lambs
Gone from the sheltering fold,
Two little narrow graves
Down in the graveyard cold

Two little drooping flowers
  Growing in purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
  In the Gardener's care.
Two little tender birds
  Flown far from fear and harm,
Two little snow-white lambs
  In the Good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more
  Singing with voices sweet,
Flinging their crowns of gold
  Down at their Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly care,
  Pure from all earthly stain,
Oh, who could wish them back
  In this drear world again?

Chambers' Journal.

"HIS TRUTH SHALL BE THY SHIELD AND BUCKLER."*

WHEN my sins in aspect dread
  Meet like waters o'er my head,
Seen in light of God's own face,
Darker for his offered grace—
When I sigh for healing rest,
By a hopeless yoke opprest,

* Psalms xci. 4.

Struggling in a grasp too strong,
Borne as by a wind along—
Then, I hear that Voice from Heaven,
"Knock, and entrance shall be given—
Him that comes, whoe'er he be,
I will never cast from Me!"
When *I* come, with trembling heart,
Will the Saviour say, "Depart?"
Shall I find His pardon free
Is in wrath denied to *me?*
Is my guilt so deep in stain
That the cleansing blood is vain?
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:
In that hour, "His TRUTH shall be
Shield and buckler unto thee."

When the clouds have hid His face,
And His path no more I trace,
And all comforts that illume
Life, have faded into gloom—
Quenched each earth-enkindled spark,
Can I trust Him in the dark?
Will my wavering faith still hold
To a promise breathed of old?
When I meet some foe unknown,
Shall I find myself alone?
Soul, by *faith* thou walkest here:

Though nor sun nor stars appear,
Wait and watch throughout the night,
And till daybreak ask not *sight!*
All unseen, thy Heavenly Guide
Walks, through darkness, at thy side.
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:
In the gloom "HIS TRUTH shall be
Shield and buckler unto thee."

In the terrors of the night,
In the mid-day arrows' flight,
When destruction wasteth near,
And all faces blanch with fear,
When a thousand round me fall,
Shall I trust Thee calm through all?
Will this trembling spirit be
Kept "in perfect peace" by Thee?
Though all stable things may end,
Earth and sky in tempest blend,
Shall I lean upon Thy breast,
And beneath Thy shadow rest?
Wilt Thou arm my soul with power,
Ne'er experienced till that hour?
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:
In that strait "HIS TRUTH shall be
Shield and buckler unto thee."

As the weary years go by,
Will my love wax cold, and die?
If the pilgrimage be long,
Life be dark, and foes be strong,
Shall I not grow faint, and yield?
Shall I ever win the field?
How shall I endure and dare?
How the cross in patience bear?
How through tedious years sustain
Wavering conflict, oft in vain?
Nay, but the Unchanging Friend
"Will confirm you *to the end!*"
"He Who hath the work begun
Ne'er will leave that work undone—"
While at God's right hand HE lives,
Deathless is the life He gives,
Through all change, and woe, and strife,
"Springing up to endless Life."
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:
In all years "His TRUTH shall be
Shield and buckler unto thee."

When I reach life's earthly bound,
And the shadows darken round,
All familiar things and dear
Fading fast from eye and ear,—
In that hour of mortal smart,

Trembling flesh and failing heart,
Shall I find my anchor vain,
Parting in that latest strain?
Hear the Shepherd's voice of old,
Looking on His helpless fold,
Looking far, with gaze Divine,
Down the ages' lengthening line:
"Every feeble sheep I know:
Life eternal I bestow:
None shall pluck them from My hand."
Shall that word of promise stand?
Or, when countless foes affright,
Closing round in latest fight,
In that deadly hour and dim,
Shall my soul be snatched from Him?
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:
In death's grasp "His TRUTH shall be
Shield and buckler unto thee." H. A. B

THE OTHER SIDE.

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp, and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! Ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The other side! No sin is there,
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood:
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The other side! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair!
And many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore:
I seem to see them there.

The other side! Oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits:
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not—I am thy guide to be,
Up to the pearly gates.

The other side! His well-known voice,
And dear, bright face, will me rejoice:
We'll meet in fond embrace.
He'll lead me on, until we stand,
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care;
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!

I AM CHRIST'S, AND CHRIST IS MINE.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour:
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with naught beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest;
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His peoples' darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw;
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more;
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

SATISFIED.

O JESUS! Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path, and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.

Naught, naught I count as treasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earned peace and joy for me.
I love to own, Lord Jesus!
Thy claims o'er me and mine:
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine?

What fills my soul with gladness?
'Tis Thine abounding grace!
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold!

Why should I droop in sorrow?
  Thou'rt ever by my side:
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
  What ill can e'er betide?
If I my Cross have taken,
  'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
  Naught severs Thee from me!

Oh, worldly pomp and glory!
  Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story,
  I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
  There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus,
  There shall I dwell with God!

For every tribulation,
  For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
  Sure help, and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
  I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
  How dear art Thou to me!

Berlin Gesangbuch.

THE DAY OF REST.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for Thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face Thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heaven's palace archéd lies;

The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room, with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders,
In God's rich garden, that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His;
That, as each beast His manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove,
With the same shake, which at His Passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take thee at the bound,
Groping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven!

HERBERT.

THE SHULAMITE AT THE LORD'S FEET.

POOR heart! why throb thus wildly in my breast?
The more I ponder on my Master's word,
The more are doubts and fears within me stirr'd.
Long as my eyes on my own weakness rest.

I to come forth! What, I! 'Twas so He said—
My wav'ring steps to others must be guide,
My feeble arm must 'gainst the foe be tried;
There a whole world—and here a lowly maid!

Ah, no, my Lord! and yet the call is Thine!
I spoke unwisely, keeping self in sight;
I'll only look on Thy all-saving might—
Be calm, my heart! for my Beloved is mine.

Yes, my Beloved is mine — what wouldst thou more?
The cause is His! It is His work I do!
He is my rock, my shield and buckler too;
Of strength and wisdom my unfailing store.

And I am His. Oh, heart, be faithful still!
Still let Him lead me as it seems Him best!
With Him to combat, or with Him to rest,
March, or encamp, according to His will.

My Friend is mine, and I forever His:
Himself he gave, myself to Him I give;
In me He dwells—in Him alone I live:
Was ever union half so blest as this?

L. C. C.

THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;
I know the voice that speaks the "It is I;"
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon Cross;
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall forever bless;
It saves me now, and shall forever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as Heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fullness which it finds not here;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour
More of thy glory, O my God and Lord!
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

BONAR.

THE SHEEP-TRACK.

TWO ways: only two. One leadeth
Home to the land of rest,
And the Good Shepherd guides the flock He feedeth,
The road He knoweth best.

The feeble lamb, within His bosom hiding,
Is precious as the strong;
The sick He tends: in sweet compassion guiding
The weary one with young.

He leads them forth, He goeth out before them;
And where the two ways meet,
They look to Him, whose eye is watching o'er them,
To guide their wavering feet.

They own a mark by which the Master claims them,
Though oft the sign seems dim;
And well they know the Shepherd King who names them—
They hear and follow Him.

Sweet sounds His voice. All other calls unheeding.
They watch where He may lead;
And in His face of love His wishes reading,
The flock that track will tread.

Narrow it is, and rough, and often lonely,
Upon the mountain steep:
There's room for Jesus, and for Jesus only,
And for His timid sheep.

Around spread flowery fields where in their blindness
The careless ones would roam:
Sharp seems the Shepherd's rod that falls in kindness
To bring the wanderers home.

Fierce howls the wolf, and adders creep around them;
But succor He will send;
For He who in the wilderness first found them
Will keep them to the end.

Two ways: only two. The other bendeth
Down unto hell beneath!
Broad is the gate, and frantic mirth ascendeth
From crowds that rush to death.

No heavenly friend will soothe their hopeles sorrow,
No arm their burden bear;
No fold of rest awaits them on the morrow,
No Shepherd King is there.

For *them* death's bondage, and a night of weeping
That hath no dawn of day.
Oh, Christ! who o'er Thy flock Thy watch art keeping,
Thou art the Truth, the Way!

ANNA SHIPTON.

"IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US!"

SAVIOUR! by Thy sweet compassion,
So unmeasured, so Divine;
By that bitter, bitter Passion;
By that crimson Cross of Thine;
By the woes Thy love once tasted
In this sin-marred world below,
Succor those in tribulation,
Succor those in sorrow now.

Thou Who wast so sorely burdened,
Help the weak that are oppressed;
Sanctify all earthly crosses,
For the coming day of rest;

Give the meek a trustful spirit
That will always lean on Thee,
And in storms of deep affliction
Still Thy gracious Presence see.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose
In each suffering we bear;
In each throe of pain and terror,
In each secret, silent tear;
In the weary days of sickness,
Famine, want, and loneliness;
In our night-time of bereavement,
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

All the needful sweet correction
Of this gentle Hand of Thine,
All Thy wise and careful nurture,
All Thy faultless discipline:
All to purge the precious metal,
Till it will reflect Thy face;
All to shape and polish jewels
Thine Own diadem to grace.

Lord, we know that we must ever
Take our cross and follow Thee
All along the narrow pathway,
If we would Thy glory see.

Then, oh, help us each to bear it,
By Thine own hard life of shame;
Let us suffer well and meekly,
Let us glorify Thy name.

Cheer the weak ones who are bending
'Neath this weary burden now;
Lift the pallid faces upward,
Smooth the care-worn, furrowed brow;
Send a bright and hopeful message
To each tried and tempted heart,
That the thick and gloomy shadows
At that sunshine may depart.

Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow
In this world's rough wilderness;
Tell them Thou art near to succor,
Near to comfort and to bless;
Tell them of Thy Cross and Passion,
Tell them of Thy trials sore,
Tell them of the Angel-city
Where is joy for evermore.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

PEACE to this house! O Thou Whose way
Was on the waves, Whose voice did stay
The wild wind's rage, come, Lord, and say,
Peace to this house!

Thou, Who in pity for the weak
Didst quit Thy heavenly Throne to seek
And save the lost, come, Lord, and speak
Peace to this house!

Thou, Who dost all our sorrows know,
And when our tears of anguish flow
Dost feel compassion, come, bestow
Peace on this house!

Thou, Who in agony didst pray,
"Take, Father, take this cup away,"
And then wast strengthened, come and say,
Peace to this house!

O Conqueror by suffering!
O mighty Victor! glorious King!
From out of pain and sorrow bring
Peace to this house!

Thou, Who triumphant from the dead
Thine Hands didst o'er the Apostles spread,
And say, "Peace to you," come, and shed
Peace on this house!

Thou, Who didst on the clouds ascend,
And then the Holy Spirit send,
Send Him to comfort, and defend
All in this house!

Lord, in the Sacramental food
Of Thine own Body and Thy Blood,
Peace that is felt, not understood,
Give to this house!

Save, save us sinking in the deep,
Give ease from pain and quiet sleep,
And under Thy wing's shelter keep
All in this house!

"Peace to this house," come, Lord, and say;
Come to us, Lord, and with us stay;
Oh, give, and never take away
Peace from this house!

And when at last our fainting breath
On trembling lips scarce quivereth,
Oh, bring us through the gate of Death,
Lord, to Thine House!

To Thine own House in Paradise,
To Thine own House above the skies,
To live the life that never dies,
Lord, in Thine House!

C. WORDSWORTH.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST.

I MARVEL night and day, and cannot cease—
Ask evermore, Can this thing be?
Heaven brought to earth—her Maker made my peace,
God bound, to set me free!

I cannot love Thee as I would and ought;
But, by Thy grace presenting still,
From all things else to Thee returns my thought,
And brings Thee back my will.

All thoughts, all searches, to this centre tend;
All rays in this one focus meet;
Here, as of old, the wise men journeying send
Their treasures at Thy feet.

There is no record, but doth hint of Thee;
All history else were false and vain;
The stones Thy kingdom preach; loosed with this key,
All hardest things are plain.

There is no wisdom but doth taste of Thine;
All lights that did Thine own forerun
Caught Thy prevenient gleams, as clouds that shine
In the unrisen sun.

The glories of earth's empires, age by age
Submitting grandly to decay,
Were but the' illusive dawn that did presage
Thy fixed and perfect day.

Art's beauteous dreams, the charm of thought and song,
The majesty of rule and law,
The single mind outsoaring from the throng,
Gifted a world to draw,—

What were they all but preludes poor and faint
Of Thy supreme imperial reign
In glory and in beauty, when each saint
Thy likeness shall attain?

Thou hast been here; of old, as now,
Walking unseen the paths we go;
But in the central years, one lifetime, Thou
Thy visible form didst show.

A cloud did steal Thee from us; but that hour
Thy glorious ministry began;
Thou gav'st the word—from thence, with quickening power,
That word the earth o'erran.

Thou art not gone, but hidden; to our sense
Thou shalt return; Thou didst not show
Thy glory at the first, whose height immense
Stooped to our stature low.

Till Thy true advent dawn, Thy Church, like Thee,
Shall suffer, die, and rise again;
Then, glorified, made white, eternally
With Thee on earth shall reign.

CHARLES LAURENCE FORD.

THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS

THE path I trod so pleasant was and fair,
I counted it life's best;
Forgetting that Thou, Lord, hadst placed me there
To journey towards Thy rest.

Forgetting that the path was only good
Because the homeward way,
I held it fullest beauty where I stood—
I thought these gleams the day.

I know I might have seen in every star
That sheds its light on me,
A lamp of Thine, set out to guide from far
My steps towards home and Thee ;—

Have heard in streams with bending grasses clad,
Which sparkled through the sod,
The music of the river that makes glad
The city of our God ;—

In flowers plucked but to wither in my hand,
Or passed with lingering feet,
Have read my Father's promise of a land
Where flowers are still more sweet.

And I have knelt, how often, thanking Thee
For what Thy love hath given,
Then turned away to bend to these my knee,
And seek in these my Heaven.

Forgive me that I, looking for the day,
Forget whence it would shine ;
And turned Thy helps to reasons for delay,
And loved not Thee, but Thine.

Yet most for the cold heart with which I write
Of sin so faintly felt :—
This frost of doubt, this darkness as of night
Thy love can cheer and melt.

On me unworthy shed, O Lord, the glow
Of Thy dear light and love,
That I may walk with trusting faith below,
Towards the fair land above;

That I may learn in all Thy gifts to see
The love that on me smiled,
And find in all I have a thought of Thee,
Who thus hast blessed Thy child;

And most in what Thy tenderest love hath given
Those to my heart most dear;
May I through these look upward to Thy Heaven,
In these find Thee most near.

LUCY FLETCHER.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."

I ASK if Thou canst love me still, O God?
They say Thou canst not love so weak a thing—
One that was angered by a Father's rod,
One that hath wayward and rebellious been,
Unstable, thankless, prone to every sin.
Thou knowest all—yet whither shall I go,
To leave my sins and with them leave my woe,
Except to Thee, who only help canst bring,
And bid me live thy pardoning love to sing?

I come, my sinful thoughts have vexed me long;
I fly, for evil spirits round me throng,
And I am weak, but Thou, my God, art strong!
My tears are flowing—no, Thou canst not see
Thy child in anguish and not pity me.
I lay my head upon thy infinite heart,
I hide beneath the shelter of thy wing;
Pursued, and tempted, helpless, I must cling
To Thee, my Father; bid me not depart,
For sin and death pursue, and life is where Thou art!

✠

Pede Crucis.

WAKING.

I HAVE done, at length, with dreaming;
Henceforth, O Thou Soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.
Life is struggle, combat, victory—
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshaled,
With my weapons all undrawn?
Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

But, begone! regret, bewailing,
Ye but weaken at the best;
I have tried the trusty weapons
Resting erst within my breast:
I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I dreamed not of aforetime
In my long, inglorious sleep:
For to lose is something awful,
And I knew it not before;
And I dreamed not how stupendous
Was the secret that I bore—
The great, deep, mysterious secret
Of a life to be wrought out
Into warm, heroic action,
Weakened not by fear or doubt.
In this subtle sense of living,
Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric,
Pleasure half-allied to pain.—
'Tis so great—and yet so awful—
So bewildering, yet so brave,
To be king in every conflict
Where before I crouched a slave.
It's so glorious to be conscious
Of a glorious power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshaled sin.

Never in those old romances
Felt I half the sense of life
That I feel within me stirring
Standing in the place of strife.
Oh, those olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate,
When I trifled with a knowledge
That well-nigh had come too late
Yet, my Soul, look not behind thee,
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the Present
Overarch the crumbling Past;
Build thy great acts high, and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves: the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life.
Sins committed while conscience slept;
Promises made, but never kept;
Hatred, battle, and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves: no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain;

Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.
We sow our seed—lo! tares and weeds:
Go reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves: memory weaves
No veil to sever the past;
As we return our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit:
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes—
Nothing but leaves.

PAUL GERHARDT'S HYMN

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After morning joy again;
After heavy, bitter grief,
Dawneth surely sweet relief:
And my soul, who, from her height,
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dares not face,
Hath refreshed me with His grace.
And His mighty Hand unbound,
Chains of hell about me wound;
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since His mercy, like a flood,
Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies:
Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,—
He who gave himself to God,
And on him had cast a load;
Who in God his hope hath placed,
Shall not life in pain outwaste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

"REST REMAINETH."

REST REMAINETH—oh, how sweet!
Flowery fields for wandering feet,
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,
Life for death, and songs for sighs.

Rest remaineth—hush that sigh;
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh;
Yet a season, bright and blest,
Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

Rest remaineth—rest from sin—
Guilt can never enter in;
Every warring thought shall cease—
Rest in purity and peace.

Rest remaineth—rest from tears,
Rest from parting, rest from fears;
Every trembling thought shall be
Lost, my Saviour—lost in Thee.

Rest remaineth—oh, how blest!
We believe, and we have rest;
Faith, reposing faith, hath been
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be
Even here at rest in Thee,
And, at last, by Thee possessed,
On Thy bosom sink to rest.

From "Dark Sayings on a Harp."

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

NOT HERE! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands, as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:
I shall be satisfied—but oh, not here!

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-toss'd currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied!"

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied?—the soul's vague longings,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending—
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide;
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ended,
I then shall see *Thee* and "be satisfied!"

JESUS, I AM NEVER WEARY.

JESUS, I am never weary,
When upon this bed of pain;
If Thy presence only cheer me,
All my loss I count but gain:
Ever near me,
Ever near me, Lord, remain!

Dear ones come with fruits and flowers,
Thus to cheer my heart the while,

In these deeply anxious hours;
Oh! if Jesus only smile!—
Only Jesus
Can these troubling fears beguile.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my griefs were on Thee laid;
For the blood of Thine atonement
All my utmost debts has paid:
Dearest Saviour!
I believe, for Thou hast said.

Dearest Saviour! go not from me;
Let Thy presence still abide;
Look in tenderest love upon me—
I am sheltering at Thy side,
Dearest Saviour!
Who for suffering sinners died.

Both mine arms are clasped around Thee,
And my head is on Thy breast;
For my weary soul has found Thee
Such a *perfect*, *perfect* rest.
Dearest Saviour!
Now I know that I am blest.

MRS. WEISS.

WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.

NOT as He was, a houseless stranger,
With no home to shield His head;
Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;—

Not as in the Garden groaning,
Plunged in deep, mysterious woe,
All the guilt of man bemoaning,
While the precious blood-sweats flow —

Not as seen on Calvary's mountain,
Where He offered up His soul,
Opening wide that sacred Fountain,
Which alone can make us whole;—

Not as He was, a pale and breathless
Captive in the shades beneath,—
But as He is, Immortal, Deathless,
Conqueror o'er the powers of death!

Yes! we shall see Him in our nature,
Seated on His lofty Throne—
Loved, adored by every creature—
Owned as God, and God alone!

There countless hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King!

When we pass o'er death's dark river,
We shall see Him as He is—
Resting in His love and favor,
Owning all the glory His.

There to cast our crowns before Him—
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore Him—
King of kings and Lord of lords!

CONTENTMENT.

BE thou content; be still before
His face, at whose right hand doth reign
Fullness of joy for evermore,
Without whom all thy toil is vain:
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,
And changeless love beyond our thought;
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,
If He is there, shall harm thee not.

He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,
And calm thy fears · nay, death is in His hands :
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?
God careth for thee, lonely one—
Comfort and help He will provide.
He sees thy sorrows, and thy hidden grief,
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief :
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,
Thy secret sighs He hears full well ;
What to none else thou dar'st disclose,
To Him thou may'st with boldness tell.
He is not far away, but ever nigh,
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry :
Be thou content.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

HAVE faith in God ! for He who reigns on high
Hath borne thy grief and hears the suppli
ant's sigh ;
Still to His arms, thine only refuge, fly.
Have faith in God !

Fear not to call on Him, O soul distressed!
Thy sorrow's whisper woos thee to His breast;
He who is oftenest there is oftenest blest.
Have faith in God!

Lean not on Egypt's reeds; slake not thy thirst
At earthly cisterns. Seek the kingdom first.
Though man and Satan fright thee with their worst,
Have faith in God!

Go! tell Him all! The sigh thy bosom heaves
Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace He gives,
Who gave Himself for thee. Our Jesus lives.
Have faith in God!

ANNA SHIPTON.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

SAY not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The anguish, and the darkness, and the strife;
Love thrown upon the waters comes again
In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.
Think! In that midnight, on thy weary sight
The stars shone forth, and 'neath their welcome rays
Thine hopes to Heaven like birds first took their flight,
And "thou shalt find them—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The vigil, and the sickness, and the tears;
For in that Land "where there is no more pain,"
The grain is garnered from those mournful years.
The faded form, once sheltered on thy breast,
In gentle ministry thy care repays;
And smiling on thee from her sinless rest,
Fear not to find her—"after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
Thy tenderness, thy meekness—oh, not so!
A strength for others' sufferings shalt thou gain,
As healing balms from bruiséd flowerets flow.
Weep not the wealth in fearless faith cast forth
On the dark billows shipwrecked to thy gaze:
The bark was frail, the gem had still its worth,
And "thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The watching, and the waiting, and the prayer;
In piercéd hands hath it unassuméd lain;
'Twill grow more radiant as it lingereth there.
'Tis space—where once thy quivering form was cast,
Thy heart-wrung sobs no floating breeze betrays,
Yet, 'mid the white-winged choir thy prayer hath passed,
And "thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"
The patience, and the pity, and the word
In warning breathed 'mid passion's hurricane,
Unheeded here—but God that whisper heard,
The tender grief, o'er strangers' sorrow shed,
The sacrifice that won no human praise.
In faith upon the waters cast thy Bread,
For "thou shalt find it—after many days."

ANNA SHIPTON.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

NOT long, not long! The spirit-wasting fever
Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing vein;
And this wild pulse flow placidly forever;
And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream; its destiny
Is but decay and death. Its fairest form
Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day
A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not;
A rest with God, a life that cannot die;
A better portion, and a brighter lot;
A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary rest,
More gentle than the still repose of even!
Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest;
Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven.

The tempest makes returning calm more dear;
The darkest midnight makes the brightest star;
Even so to us, when all is ended here,
Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

Then welcome change and death! since these alone
Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell;
Welcome all present change, which speeds us on
So swift to that which is unchangeable.

THE OFFERING.

NO more my own, Lord Jesus;
Bought with Thy precious Blood.
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,
That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,
My present, future, past;
My joys, my fears, my sorrows,
My first hope and my last.

I give Thee up my weakness,
That oft distrust hath bred,
That Thy indwelling power
May thus be perfected.

I give the love the sweetest
Thy goodness grants to me;
Take it, and make it meet, Lord,
For offering to Thee.

Smile! and the very shadows
In Thy blest light shall shine;
Take Thou my heart, Lord Jesus,
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,
For Thou hast changed its aim;
(The world's reproach I fear not,)
To share a Saviour's shame:

Outside the camp to suffer;
Within the Vail to meet,
And hear Thy softest whisper
From out the Mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom.
Amidst Thy jewels worn,
Upon Thy hands deep graven,
By arms of love upborne.

Rescued from sin's destruction,
Ransomed from death and hell;
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus:
Thou hast done all things well!

Oh, deathless love that bought me!
Oh, price beyond my ken!
Oh, Life, that hides my own life
E'en from my fellow-men!

Now fashion, form, and fill me
With light and love Divine;
So, ONE with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I'm Thine—forever Thine!

ANNA SHIPTON.

HOLD ON, HOLD IN, HOLD OUT.

HOLD on, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all,
Shall stand, though heaven and earth shall fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, heaven arraigning!
The patient see God's loving face:
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;

He wounds himself who bears the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out!* There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The Cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

SCHMACKE.

GO TELL JESUS.

BURY thy sorrow,
The world has its share:
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly
When curtained by night,
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight
  Aglow on thy way;
Gather the moonbeams,
  Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown aweary
  With heavier woe,
Droop 'mid the darkness--
  Go comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow,
  Let others be blest;
Give them the sunshine,
  Tell Jesus the rest.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A FRIEND stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three-score;
  Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
  Each drop he treads it in and passes by:
  It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

Oh, good New Year, we clasp
  This warm shut hand of thine!

Loosing forever, with half-sigh, half-grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine:
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed; let the Old Year go.

Oh, New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet—" and to the opprest—
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies!

Comfort our souls with love,—
Love of all human kind;

Love special, close—in which like sheltered dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly: contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,—
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end;
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

D. M. MULOCH.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

THE world is very evil!
The times are waxing late:
Be sober, and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge That comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,

Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,

Where they shall dwell as children,
  Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
  And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
  Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
  The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
  Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
  Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
  And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
  The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
  Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
  And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
  With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
  The paradise on high:
Grace beautified to glory,
  Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
  There none can ever mourn,

There nothing is divided,
  There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
  'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
  The halls of Syon know:
O happy, holy portion,
  Refection for the blest·
True vision of true beauty,
  Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
  Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
  Till hope be lost in sight:
Till JESUS gives the portion
  Those blessèd souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
  The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
  Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
  A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
  There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
  The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
  With fishes many and great;

So glorious in its fullness,
  Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
  And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
  Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
  And those shall triumph, then;
The new peculiar nation,
  Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
  They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
  In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
  Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
  The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
  Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watch-word
  Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
  Where foul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
  Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
  And flowers on every side,

The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him Who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fullness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelties! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending
The tearless life, is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,

To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He Whom now we trust in

Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us,
There JESUS be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and, showing,
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward,
  While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
  But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
  The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
  And we triumph after sadness:
And JESUS to His true ones
  Brings trophies fair to see:
And JESUS shall be loved, and
  Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
  And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it;—
  Behold thy King's array:
Behold thy GOD in beauty,
  The Law hath past away!
Yes! GOD my King and Portion,
  In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
  And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
  From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
  Forever shall be changed:

Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:

Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True GOD and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;

The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,

Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:

For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of th' Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
Even now by faith I see thee;
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:

And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!*
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!

* *Decachord.* With reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instrument of ten strings" of the perfect harmony of heaven.

O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessèd Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I *have* the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

Translated by Neale

"TAKE HEART OF GRACE."

OH, thou! who tossing on life's troubled ocean,
Mournest the hidings of thy Father's face,
And comfortless, amid the wild commotion,
Seekest in vain some quiet resting-place;
Thou weary, fainting soul! "take heart of grace."

Look up! when storms of woe are round thee sweeping,
Learn thou in all thy Saviour's hand to trace:
Above the storm, behind the dark clouds, keeping
Ceaseless watch o'er thee, beams my loving face;
Therefore, thou faithless one! take heart of grace.

Not all the fiercest tempests round thee blowing,
Can drive thee far from heaven's sweet resting-place;
Not all the floods thy sorrowing soul o'erflowing,
Can long avail to hide from thee my face;
Therefore, O downcast soul! take heart of grace.

Oh, waste no more thy breath in weak complaining!
Doubts throw aside! No longer thus disgrace
My faithful love that leading, guiding, training,

Perfects thee thus for my own dwelling-place.
O thou rebellious soul! take heart of grace.

Hast thou not seen how, for some precious treasure,
Men beat of purest gold, a goodly case?
Or cut for fragrant odors, at their pleasure,
Out of rough stone, a rare and polished vase?
O thou short-sighted one! take heart of grace.

Like them, when for myself I am preparing
Out of the soul, a fit abiding-place;
I hew thee, beat thee, till I see thee bearing
My image; and my perfect likeness trace;
Therefore, thou chosen one! take heart of grace.

Oh, then, be of good courage! for I love thee;
Gladly and cheerfully each cross embrace,
And bear it manfully; for soon above thee,
Light from my throne each cloud away shall chase;
Therefore, afflicted one! take heart of grace.

And soon life's sorest trials passed forever,
Faultless before thy and my Father's face,
I will present thee joyfully; and never
Need to say to thee, in that resting-place,
O weary, fainting soul! take heart of grace.

For every hour of that blest life immortal,
Thou shalt be glad my guiding hand to trace,
That made thee meet, by trials, through the porta
To enter in, and rest in my embrace;
Therefore, look upward! and take heart of grace. H. N. C.

BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.

I LOVE Thee, O my God! but not
For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.
I love Thee, O my God! and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because, my God, Thou art
Who first hast lovéd me!

For me, to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony.
Yea, death itself—all, all for me!
For me, Thine enemy!

Then shall I not, O Saviour, mine!
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovéd me, O Lord!

FRANCIS ZAVIER.

SICK AND IN PRISON.

WILDLY falls the night around me,
Chains I cannot break have bound me;
Spirits unrebuked, undriven
From before me darken Heaven;
Creeds bewilder, and the saying
Unfelt prayer makes need of praying.

In this bitter anguish lying
Only Thou wilt hear my crying—
Thou whose hands wash white the erring,
As the wool is at the shearing,
Not with dulcimer or psalter,
But with tears, I seek Thine altar.

Feet, that trod the mount so weary,
Eyes, that pitying looked on Mary,
Hands, that brought a Father's blessing,
Heads of little children pressing;
Voice, that said, "Behold thy Mother,"
Lo! I seek ye, and none other.

Look, O gentlest eye of pity,
Out of Zion, glorious city!
Speak, O voice of mercy, sweetly!
Hide me, hands of love, completely.
Sick, in prison, lying lonely,
Ye can lift me up—Ye only.

In my hot brow soothe the aching,
In my sad heart stay the breaking;
On my lips, the murmurs trembling
Change to praises undissembling;
Make me raise as th' evangels,
Clothe me with the wings of angels.

Power, that made the few loaves many,
Power, that blessed the wine at Cana,
Power, that said to Lazarus "waken,"
Leave, oh, leave me not forsaken,
Sick, and hungry, and in prison,
Save me, Crucified and Risen!

ALICE CORY.

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

"SO will I comfort you," as when a sobbing child
Seeks sweet heart-comfort on its mother's breast;
By her caresses fond unconsciously beguiled
From memories of pain, soon sinks to rest.

"Ye shall be comforted." Our hearts are faint and sore.
We would be little children once again;
But childhood would bring back the griefs we knew of yore,
But not the mother who caressed us then.

We need a stronger love, we seek a deeper rest,
Whose type and earnest we once knew in this;
The nestling of the child upon its mother's breast,
The sweet dreams won us by her "good-night" kiss.

Lord! grant us restful sleep, untroubled, sweet and calm,
Not fitful slumbers 'mid Life's fevered dream;
Oh, seal our weary eyelids with thy touch of balm
Not to re-ope until the Great Day's gleam.

And yet we are such children, foolish, weak and blind,
That while we long for sleep, thy gentle hand
May change the calming cup, and far more wise and kind,
Give needed bitterness with this command:

"Drink, child!" Thy Father's love shall make the unsought draught
Sweet to thy soul, though bitter to thy lips.
Think, how for thee, thy sinless Elder Brother quaffed
The cup thou filled'st, 'neath my love's eclipse.

Ah, Father! whatsoe'er thy children truly need
Thou givest, not whatever they implore.
And oft we grieving think, Thy mercy gives no heed
To our rash pleadings, when our hearts are sore.

But when the long sad lesson we have learned at length,
And with unmurmuring meekness we receive
The cup, whose bitter draught gives new and mighty strength,
We own Thy wise true love, and no more grieve;

But rest in patient hope, although Thou long withhold
The chalice. Death and Life brimmed, chrismal seal
Of conquest at whose touch the pearly gates unfold,
And Heaven's high glories to the soul reveal.

We only wait as minors, till the glad birth-day
Shall crown us kings before our Father's throne.
As princely exiles here, we struggle, toil, and pray,
With eyes by watching very weary grown.

For comfortless, aye, orphan'd, Thou dost never make
Thy children. Trusting hearts are kept in peace,
And when our night-time comes, Thou'lt bid us sleep to wake
Where every sob is hushed and sorrows cease.

L.

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